

Hear then the Verdict

and
Other
Poems



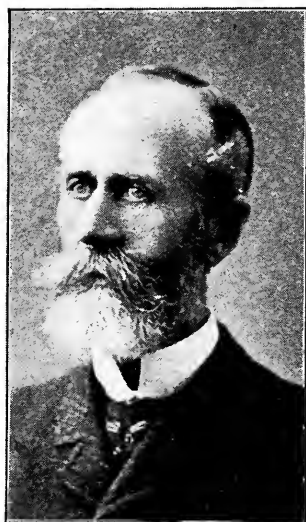


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HEAR THEN THE VERDICT
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

LORIN LUDLOW

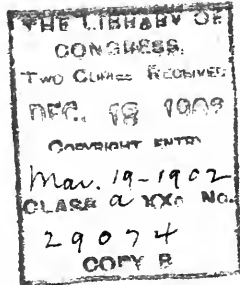
James Louis Dayme

"Every artist dips his brush in his own soul and paints his own nature into his pictures."—*Beecher*.

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CONTENTS

A Birthday Soliloquy	48
A Charming Young Maiden	126
A Dove Lesson	34
A Father's Letter	104
A Friend in Need	141
A Good Investment	41
A Heart of Gold	49
All about Strikes	31
All Day Voices in the City	44
A Noble Calling	149
A Plucky School Girl	107
A Perfect Guide	84
A Popular Tragedy	27
A Rainy Day Love Letter	86
A Reliable Cosmetic	152
A Student's Farewell	155
A Spring Rehearsal	56
A Sacred Spot	85
Attic or Basement	82
A Very Civil War	109
A Vain Search	47
A Wedding Present	154
A Weary Housewife	133
Beautiful Flowers	67
Beauty to Beauty	157
Beauty Loyal to Duty	95
Believe in God and Trust His Son	115
Brotherhood of St. Andrew	151
Burdens May Become Wings	144
Christian Soldiers	83
Christian Endeavor	118

Come unto Me	81
Discipline of Duty	106
Eloped with Spring	69
Finding a Friend	139
Flirting on the Stairs	137
Genius Superior to Infirmary	123
Georgie's Model Man	124
Greatest of Three	55
Happiness in Small Quarters	150
Harry and Emily United	91
Hear then the Verdict	9
Hermie	51
Humanity's Flag	122
Ich Dien	25
"I Knew It"	77
Imperiled Friendship	65
Just Nineteen	100
Madame La Grippe	73
Mercy's Birthday	68
Mother Goes to Her Child	105
My Ideal Beauty	140
My Lost Pearl	59
My Spirit Valentine	146
My Wall Flowers	37
My Woodbine Lodge Jewels	129
O Beauty	158
Ode to Friendship	76
"Old Kenyon"	71
Our Billy	130
Platonic Love	60
Pluto	53
Postman at the Door	153
Reunited	142

Rum Conquered by Love	135
Safe in Port	159
Saturday Night	114
Service and Trust	72
Sitting at His Feet	92
Soul to Sense	93
Sunday Morning	114
Tête-à-Tête with My Soul	88
The Cost of a Treat	40
The Champion Cloud Maker	112
The Dauntless Crew of the Merrimac	148
The Demon of Drink	28
The Eclipse Eclipsed	103
Their Tin Wedding	132
The Letter that Came too Late	61
The Lord's Prayer	80
The Love of My Dreams	101
The Morn We Met	35
The Rum Seller Jubilant	116
The Sparrow Trial	127
To Her Who Will Know	63
To Loved Ones "Over There"	111
To Maiden Reading "The Builders"	55
To the Snow Sprite	90
True Greatness	46
True Self-Control	121
Twilight Voices in the Country	42
Valleys Imply Mountains	120
Victorious Name	79
What Gracie and God Did for Me	74
When Maidens Homeward Fly	38
Who Entitled to Great Respect	33
Y. P. C. T. U. Rally Song	54



HEAR THEN THE VERDICT

"I regard this poem as a very powerful and effective moral appeal, and as one particularly well calculated to awaken spiritual resolution. It has insight, force, and inspiration, and leaves a vivid lesson in memory."—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*



"Attracts this motley rabble's stare"

Bear then the Verdict

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

—Tennyson.

WHAT mean these crowds which, day by day,
Obstruct the sidewalk's narrow way?
What creature in the window there

Attracts this motley rabble's stare?
Some strange, uncanny, dreadful sight,
Which timid folk would scare outright?
Some savage beast, perchance, enraged
Because by man entrapped and caged?

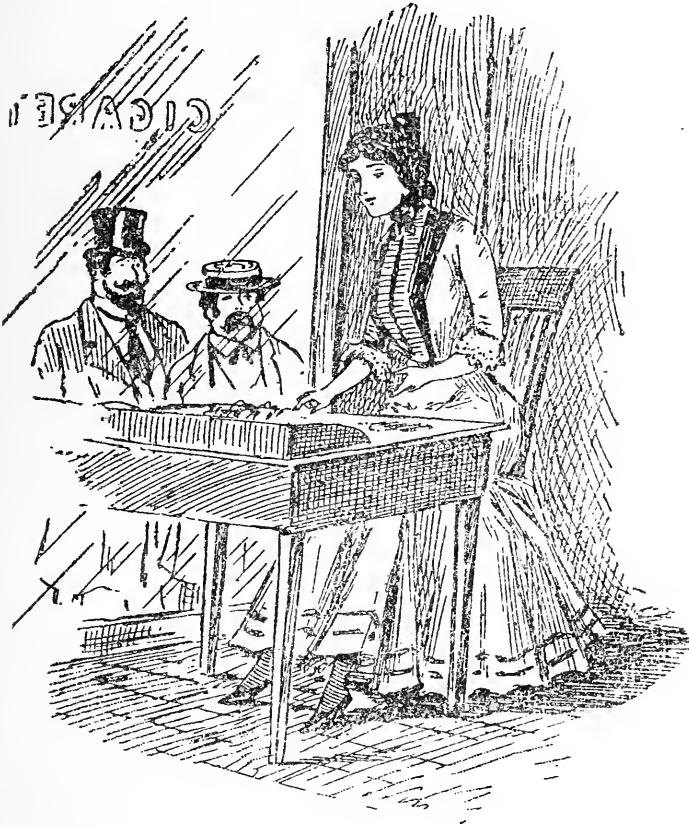
Or read they there some rare new fact,
Which thoughtful people should attract?
Some novel, well-considered plan
For helping upward struggling man?
Some late invention or device
For living well at lower price?
Some treatise on the sin of drink,
Of kind to make men stop and think?
Or pictured story, told so well
That Satan, on his way to Hell,
Would pause, and pray to be forgiven,
That he might seek its type in Heaven?

Ah ! that, indeed, were sorry guess,
That men like these who hither press
Are drawn by motive pure and good :
Their looks betray a baser mood.

And now, no longer to disguise
This cynosure of gloating eyes,
The " creature " in the window there
Is not a sight should make men stare ;
Is not " uncanny," in the least,
Nor, like the men, " a horrid beast."
'Tis something men of self-respect
Will never harm, but shield, protect.

A timid maiden, young and fair,
Some mother's darling, sitting there,
Is toiling for her clothes and bread :
Perhaps that loved ones may be fed.
That what she does is great remove
From what your tastes or mine approve,
Good reason is why she should find
Much sympathy and treatment kind :
Be helped to some employment where
She'd meet with less to fear and bear.
God speed the day no mother's pets
Must live by filling cigarettes !

But, Muse, not now her work decry,
But how compelled that work to ply :



"Is toiling for her clothes and bread"

That, maiden, modest, young, and fair,
She's placed on exhibition where,
Exposed to brazen, lustful eyes,
She may the shopman advertise !
That she was chosen for the place
Because, of comely form and face,
Her beauty would attract the eye
Of each male idler passing by !
That fiendish greed, its maw to sate,
This woman's ALL would immolate !

And who, pray tell, will bear the blame
If this young maiden come to shame ?
If broken heart and vain regrets
Should brand her make of cigarettes ?
If part and parcel of their cost
Should be a girl betrayed and lost,
Because compelled to face a fire
More dread than sacrificial pyre ?

She's modest now, and blushes when
She meets the vulgar gaze of men ;
But, target made of blear-eyed age,
As though a *danseuse* on the stage ;
Besieged by youthful male coquettes
Who, charmed with girl-made cigarettes,
Their pet mustachios deftly twirl,
And ogle much, meanwhile, the girl ;
What wonder if, when older grown,



“ ‘ The shopman ? ’ No, he’s rich ! ”

The seed this kind of life had sown
Should germinate, and fruitage bear
Of love, desertion, and despair?
Would not a less disastrous fate
Presume a self-control too great?

Once more, then : who will bear the blame?
Will some one speak the culprit's name?

"The shopman?" No, he's rich! And then —
He does but pattern other men:
A hundred others one could name
Who blameless are and do the same.
One sees, whichever way he goes,
If not such crowds and window shows,
Enough, at least, in sundry ways,
To prove that woman's charms, these days,
Are often used to advertise
And push the sale of merchandise.
And used by merchants of repute,
Whose "standing" none may dare dispute.

And so the shopman will be free
From blame — *except by you and me.*

"The gaping crowd?" Why, these, you know,
Act just as they have chanced to grow.
A part of them, no doubt, had birth
Among the creeping things of earth;
And, if possessed of souls at all,



"Among the creeping things of earth"

They are, as yet, exceeding small —
So small, so dormant, they aspire
To naught above self's base desire.
Another part, 'tis true, have known
The higher walks of life, as shown
By dress and somewhat else that tells
That they are of or ape the "swells."
These are not yet in sin so old
They would not blush if they were told
The thoughts they were indulging then
Were thoughts unworthy gentlemen.
The most of them — they know it well —
Have mothers they'd not dare to tell
The motive, as they passed along,
That made them join this gazing throng.
And some have sisters, pure and sweet,
Who surely could not think it meet
Their darling brothers should be seen
Their pride of birth to so demean.
And sweethearts, some, whose hearts would bleed
To think them base in thought or deed.

"Canst find, O Muse, excuse for these,
As for the more submerged degrees?"

Await the sequel. Hear me through,
Then you will have the answer true.

These youths infer, with show of right,
That, in their social status fight,



"As 'ladies' men' "

They may not lose, may even win,
By deftly-played intrigues with sin.
They see that "fast" men whom they know
Appear to have a better show
To win their way with womankind
Than men possessed of heart and mind ;
• That "beaux," who pass through all the town
As "ladies' men," win their renown
With feeling, thought, and motive base,
Engarbed in guise of artful grace ;
That he whose "conquests" multiply,
Instead of losing caste thereby,
Is *fêted*, flattered, lionized,
As woman's patron saint disguised.

What wonder, then, if thoughtless youth,
Which values pleasure more than truth,
Should make its law a social code
Which builds for vice so smooth a road ?
Which welcomes to its pleasure-boats
The sower wild of wildest oats ?

And so the crowd, I fear, will be
Unblamed — *except by you and me.*

"The maiden?" Ah ! none needs to tell
The story all men know so well !
The wrong, the shame — she'll bear it all !
Alone, without the social wall



"Alone, without the social wall"

By Christians built the pure to screen,
She'll writhe and chant, "Unclean! Unclean!"

"By Christians built?" Ah, yes, they say
The Master's plan won't work, to-day:
The sinning *men* to soundly score,
And say to her, "Go! sin no more."
"And why not, pray? Now, Muse, reveal
What in thy thought thou dost conceal:
Speak forth thy mind—the culprit name
At door of whom should rest *chief* blame."

HEAR THEN THE VERDICT: Guilty they
Who have it in their power to say
Who shall and shall not welcomed be
To what is called "society,"
And who permit a social code
Which says it shall be *la mode*
For rakish men to have *entrée*
Where their poor victims may not stay.
Whomever else the world may name,
These the Christ will surely blame."

O mothers, sisters, sweethearts, all,
This brings to you the righteous call
To wear yourselves the stainless white,
And then demand, as just and right,
That men, to enter your domain,
Must emblem wear as free from stain;



"These the Christ will surely blame"

That suitor who would win a wife,
To be the partner of his life,
Must show the maid he would secure
That he, no less than she, is pure ;
That *no* man — be he rich or poor —
Shall enter *socially* your door,
And touch your hand with gracious smile,
Who patronizes places vile ;
That women, too, whose social code
Bids welcome men to their abode
Whose social record, known to fame,
Should mantle woman's cheek with shame,
Shall be, by women, under ban
No less severely than the man.

When woman thus asserts her sway,
How loathsome Vice will skulk away !
Then LOVE, the pure, sweet type, will come,
And HEAVEN be synonym of HOME.

OTHER POEMS

“ But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.”

—*Byron.*

Ich Dien

"Few can serve, yet all may please."—*Hannah More.*



F lineage royal, of courtly mien,
Insignia wearing befit his birth,
A prince, in serious mood or mirth,
Thus studied the motto he wore, "*Ich Dien*":

"Descendant in line of the world's great queen,
And having glimpses of future years
Begemmed with honors and flecked with fears,
I, Prince of Wales, should ken what means '*Ich Dien*' ;

"For heir to an empire, no less, I ween,
Than humblest peasant that owns his sway,
And toils for sustenance, day by day,
Must bow to Nature's law and say, '*Ich Dien.*'

"As now I look out on this ocean scene,
Observe the flow of the rising tide,
And watch the ships o'er the billows glide,
New thoughts arise of the legend '*Ich Dien.*'

"That vessel far out in the distance seen,
Assigned her place in commercial strife,
And bearing freightage of human life,
Might fly on her pennant the words, '*Ich Dien.*'

“ That high-rolling tide, with its silver sheen,
Ebbing and flowing at God’s command,
Ceaselessly serving both sea and land,
Is rightfully roaring its boast, ‘ *Ich Dien.*’

“ This humming-bird flitting the nearer scene,
Dipping its beak into honeyed flower,
Sipping the sweets of the passing hour,—
The Hebe of bloom,—is singing ‘ *Ich Dien.*’ ”

Thus thoughtfully musing, this Prince serene
Perceived the secret of Nature’s plan ;
Perceived dull matter and beast and man
All living the motto he wore, “ *Ich Dien.*”

That nothing exists, whether grand or mean,
Endowed with soul-life to think and feel,
Or naught of sentience it doth reveal,
Whose warrant of being is not “ *Ich Dien.*”

A Popular Tragedy

ACT I.

Little boy,
Cigarette,
Puff or two,
Sick, you bet !

ACT II.

Tries again,
Not so sick,
Tickled now,
“Learned the trick.”



ACT III.

Boy grows thin,
Awful pale :
“Doctor, quick !”
Mother’s wail.

ACT IV.

Doctor comes,
Shakes his head,
Undertaker :
Tommy dead !

SEQUEL

All surprised
Providence(?)
Such nice lad
Should take hence !

The Demon of Drink

"Drunkenness is identical with ruin."—*Diogenes.*

I STROLLED through the slums of the town, to-day,
Where poverty, squalor, and crime hold sway,
Intent upon learning what fiend was there
To cause such conditions of fell despair.

"For surely," I reasoned, "such vileness rife,
Such widely-spread wreckage of human life,
Such horrible fruitage of woe, hath grown
From seed by some demon incarnate sown!"

Nor was I mistaken; for everywhere,
By sights and by sounds in the reeking air,
Were proofs of the presence of that dread foe
Which drugs men to madness, drapes homes in woe.

His agents were busy: Hell's liquid fire
Had many a seller and many a buyer,
And many a workman his hard-earned gain
There bartered for drink and a muddled brain.

There stood by Rum's altar young men who still
Retained, they asserted, command of will
To toy with the tempter, yet hold the power
To spurn his enchantments within the hour.

But by them stood others as youthful quite,
Who knew that the taint of the serpent's bite
Had entered and poisoned their blood and brain,
And branded them slaves in the demon's train.

Young husbands were there, whose young wives, at home
Were waiting, while dreading, their homeward roam ;
But greeted them kindly, and feigned surprise
At their reeling gait and their rum-bleared eyes.

And fathers sat long at their mixtures vile,
Whose children were crying for bread, meanwhile ;
Then homeward meandered with empty purse,
A stench in their nostrils, on tongues a curse.

O brothers ! O statesmen ! could pen disclose
The heights and the depths of this worst of woes,
The story would rouse you, from son to sire,
To hurl this fiend back to his native fire !

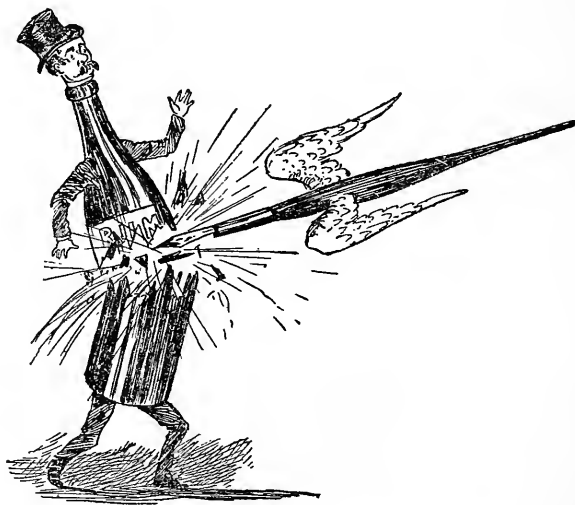
Abolish the traffic in human lives ;
Restore rescued husbands to loving wives ;
Rebuild the wrecked homes, and uncage the joys
That thrilled in the voices of girls and boys !

O Christian people, do you still delay
Because this vile demon comes not your way ?
Is that valid reason why you decline
To hazard the hate of the god of wine ?

'Tis reason like his who his brother slew :
As valid was Cain's as is yours for you.
You *are* "brother's keeper," and must him keep
By making of rumsellers one clean sweep !

Say, dip I my pen into ink too strong?
Alas ! there is need, when this fearful wrong
Is fostered by city and state and realm,
Its votaries stand at the social helm,

The newspapers silent, the pulpit mum,
All bowing their necks to the despot rum !
'Tis time, O ye people, full time, I think,
The PEN should strike *boldly* the Demon of Drink !



“ The pen should strike boldly the Demon of Drink ”

All about Strikes

"Strike for your altars and your fires."—*Halleck.*

IF, fighting your way with the "bulls" and "bears,"
You climb to wealth on the Stock Exchange stairs,
You're sure to be toadied as much as you like:
You've scooped in a fortune, you've made a big "strike."
Strike, strike, you've made a big strike:
What all "sharks" are after and all "sharks" like.

If, pugilist, you, in the prize-fight ring,
Hit straight from the shoulder with blows that sting,
Be you college athlete, or just plain Mike,
You'll "pocket the biscuit," you've made a "swell"
strike.
Strike, strike, you've made a "swell" strike:
What all "sports" are after and all "sports" like.

If, laborer, you are informed some day,
The Union has ordered, "Quit work right away!"
You know you will suffer, but down goes your spike,
And, true to your comrades, you go on a strike.
Strike, strike, go out on a strike:
What some men are after but few men like.



"A strike that is coming"

Far better than any and all of these,
We know of a "strike" that should all men please :
A strike that is coming when all men alike
As brother with brother their hands shall strike.

Strike, strike, with brother shall strike :
What all men should work for and all men like.

Who Entitled to Great Respect

"A thousand pounds a year for pure respect."—*Shakespeare*.

WHO is entitled to great respect?
He placed at the helm of the Ship of State,
To direct its course and conserve its fate,
As servant of nation that made him great?
IF BEFORE GOD HE CAN STAND ERECT.

Who is entitled to great respect?
The army official, whose fame resounds
In clarion notes to remotest bounds,
Proclaiming great deeds on great battle-grounds?
NOT IF HIS MANHOOD SHOW GREAT DEFECT.

Who is entitled to great respect?
The man who has garnered great wealth in store,
And daily is garnering more and more,
Till gold in great tidal waves floods his door?
NOT IF "SWEET CHARITY" HE NEGLECT.

Who is entitled to great respect?
The woman whose beauty of form and face,
"Eliteness" of wardrobe and faultless grace,
Procure her *entrée* to high social place?
YES, IF HER LIFE BEAUTY'S CHARMS REFLECT.

Who is entitled to great respect?

The young man admitted to homes *élite*,
Received by young women, bright, pure, and sweet,
And honored by parents with friendly greet?

NOT IF HIS HABITS BE INCORRECT.


Who is entitled to great respect?

The man or the woman, the girl or boy,
Whom wisdom and virtue enthrill with joy,
Whom all forms of evil distress, annoy:

THOUGH POOR, UNFAMED, IS OF GOD'S ELECT.

A Dove Lesson

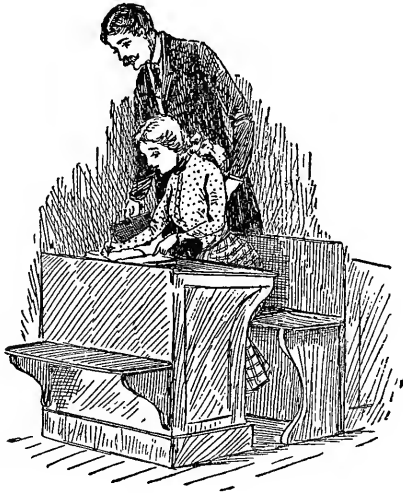
"A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."—*Bible*.

OME out, little boys, little girls, to the doves,
And see how each one of them cleanliness loves.
You'll have to come early, for doves don't delay
Befitting themselves to be seen through the day.
We'll see how they bathe in the glad, limpid rill,
Then comb from their plumage all kinks, with the bill;
And so they're not seen with soiled feathers and feet,
Their persons besmeared with the soil of the street:
Won't that be a lesson for you and for me,
And prompt us to try to be clean as doves be?

The Morn We Met*

"Would you know how first he met her?"—*Tennyson.*

I AM thinking, Dear, of the morn we met ;
And just as I saw you I see you yet :
A lovely young maiden in school-girl guise,
Reviewing her studies with wistful eyes :
Beautiful eyes, that seemed to say
"We know and trust you from this first day."



"Reviewing her studies with wistful eyes"

* By permission of Jean White, music publisher.

And I wondered, Love,—for I seemed to see
A future was waiting for you and me,—
If ever you'd love me, and I'd love you,
With love that is tender and pure and true :

Beautiful love, that ne'er grows cold,
As hairs grow gray and the years grow old.

I am answered, Sweet, for I love you so,
Already the sequel I seem to know :
That surely the future's unrolling scroll
Will show me enthroned in your own sweet soul :
Beautiful soul, divinely fair,
Divine the bliss in its love to share.

But if something, Dear, should reveal it best
That not in this life I may be so blest,
I'm sure that my love, in the life to be,
Will find you and draw you in love to me :
Beautiful life that lasts for aye,
And rights the errors of this brief day.

My Wall Flowers

I AM musing alone in my attic,
As the curtain of day slowly falls,
And am leisurely reading the faces
That are peering at me from the walls.

One is gazing with eyes full of pity,
As condoling my lonely estate;
While another, wide-eyed, looks the question :
“ Why this sadness? Why not more elate? ”

Here are faces of friends who have known me,
Long have known me on hill and in dell :
Each of these, in its way, seems determined
I shall know it remembers me well.

And my darlings, my nearest and dearest,
With sweet smiles in their beautiful eyes,
Seem conveying to me Heaven's message :
“ Earthly sorrows are joys in disguise.”

Now another sweet face looms before me,
As of one of the dearest of these :
One that fits in the niche of a longing
Which none other could so well appease.

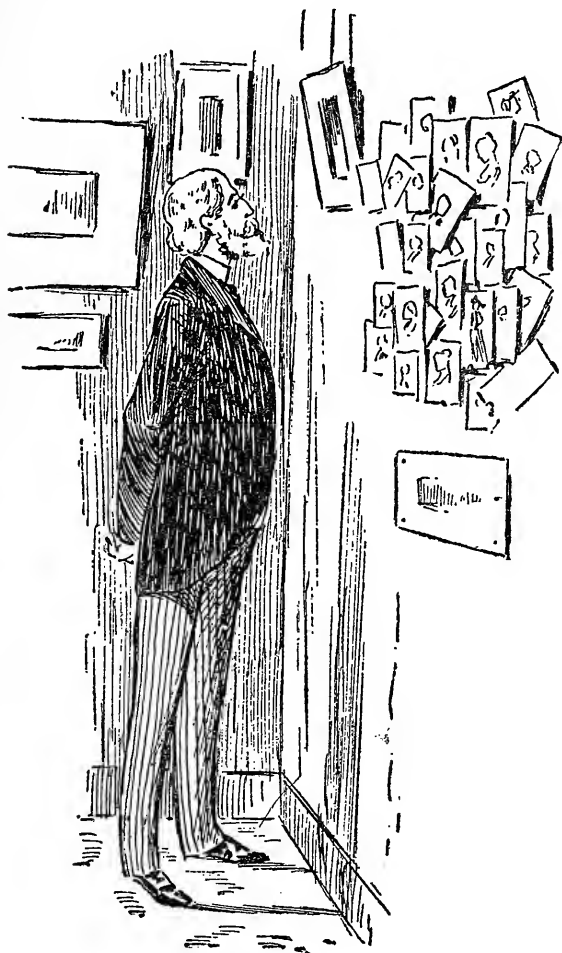
'Tis a face so transcendent in beauty,
So expressive of heart and of soul,
That I see in its each charming feature
A through pass to a glorious goal.

O I would that my ideal picture
Might assume its true place on my wall,
And so blend with its other belongings,
That its sweetness would flavor them all !

But alas ! I must cancel this wishing :
Earth's ideals are seldom attained !
When passed on from this life to the higher,
Will our losses in this be regained ?

When Maidens Homeward Fly

WHEN burning rays of August days
Have spent their wilting force ;
And autumn's frown hath settled down
On field and woodland gorse ;
Then maidens, brown, return to town,
“ Engaged,” each one, no doubt,
But, ere the snow begins to blow,
Their summer lovers flout.



“ And am leisurely reading the faces ”

The Cost of a Treat

"Troops of Furies march in the drunkard's triumph."—*Goethe*.

STEP up, my lads, the lot of you,
And drink at my expense :
The man that don't accept my treat
Will give me great offense.
A day like this don't come but once,
And we must have a 'spree,'
And every lad must drain his cup,
And leave the score to me."

REFRAIN

O could he have known, that father, that day,
The terrible price he would have to pay,
He'd sooner have ordered a winding sheet,
Than paid the expense of that fateful treat !

Young men "stepped up" who, till that day,
Had never tipped the cup ;
But then and there the habit formed,
And never gave it up.
Among them, brightest of them all,
Just come of age that day,
Was first-born, only son of him
Who pledged the "score" to pay.



“Step up, my lads, the lot of you”

That son began the downward road
So easy made by rum,
And ere his beard was fully grown
A drunkard had become.
That father's silvered, drooping head
Proclaims the bitter woe
That wrings his soul, the victim of
That “treat” three years ago.

A Good Investment

IT WAS only a dime, but, invested well,
It doubled itself, over and over ;
For it won me the thanks of a charming belle,
And a genuine FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER !

Twilight Voices in the Country

"God made the country."—*Cowper*.

WHILE I sit here, thinking, thinking,
In the twilight, lone and sad,
Something whispers, "Hear the music
All about you, and be glad."

So, alone, I sit and study
Twilight sounds that strike my ear :
Try to separate, distinguish,
And interpret what I hear.

Very many, strange, and varied
Are these voices of the night,
As they come from out the gloaming,
Sound, unaided by the sight.

In the distance rolls and rumbles
Slowly homeward-moving wain ;
Near at hand a creaking cricket
Cries her plaint, as if in pain.

Swift as bolt by Jove projected,
Downward through the startled air
Pounces predatory night-hawk,
Seeking hapless victims there.

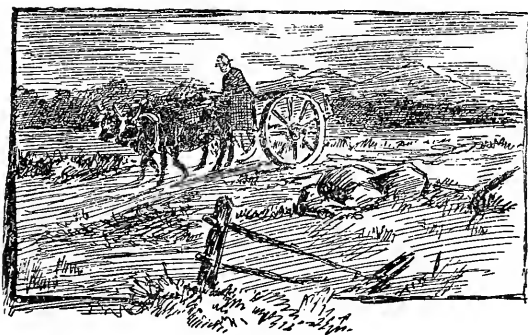
"Tick-tack, tick-tack," on the mantel
Sing the seconds as they pass ;
"Tick-tick, tick-tick," sing, responsive,
Tiny insects in the grass.

'Neath the eaves a startled sparrow
Twitters to her mate, in fear ;
And her drowsy spouse, impatient,
Peeps response, " Be quiet, dear ! "

Far away a bell is ringing,
Tolling, tolling, for the dead :
Ah ! I wonder if the mourners'
Hearts are bleeding, as mine bled !

Now a hush comes o'er my senses ;
Stillness broods on all around ;
Clock and cricket cease their clatter ;
Peace—and-rest—at-last—are-found.

Hark ! a voice ! *Her* voice is singing !
Can—O *can* it truly be ?
Too far, alas ! too far away !
I sleep—I dream she sings for me !



" In the distance rolls and rumbles "

All Day Voices in the City

"Man made the city."—*Cowper*.

I SAT me down some lines to write,
But soon was in a mood to fight;
For I had just begun my song,
When two street criers came along.
Ugh! I wished the fiends to throttle:
"Ole-raigs! Ole-raigs! Eny-raigs-bottle?"

I tried again, got through a line,
And caught a glimpse of something fine,
But only glimpse, for I was then
Made crosser than a brooding hen!



This time it was that awful sell :
" Mac Rell ! Mac Rell ! Nice, fresh Mac Rell ! "

I waited till " Mac Rell " got by,
Then, feeling vexed enough to cry,
Picked up again my pen and wit,
And started in to make a hit,
When this refrain fell on my ear :
" Be-nay-nays ! Rye-be-nay-nays, hare ! "

I thought to give it up ; but then—
Ought tongue be let to squelch the pen ?
No, no ! I tried the thing once more ;
Alas ! no better than before :
The oily tongue that filched my hope
Came on the scene with " Sope ! Sope ! Sope ! "

At last I gave up all control,
With bitter feelings in my soul :
Ought any city sell the right
To howl the streets from morn till night ?
Ought citizens be robbed their peace
By traders in old rags and grease ?

Ought venders be allowed to yell
Through decent streets like imps of hell ?
Disturb the sick, dispel all thought,
Because some wares are sold and bought ?
Are cities truly civilized
With savagery so undisguised ?

Methinks there is some better way
Our people will demand, some day ;
A way that better sense will suit,
For trade in rags and fish and fruit.
“ Pray give us now ! ” do hosts implore,
“ Relief from this tremendous bore ! ”

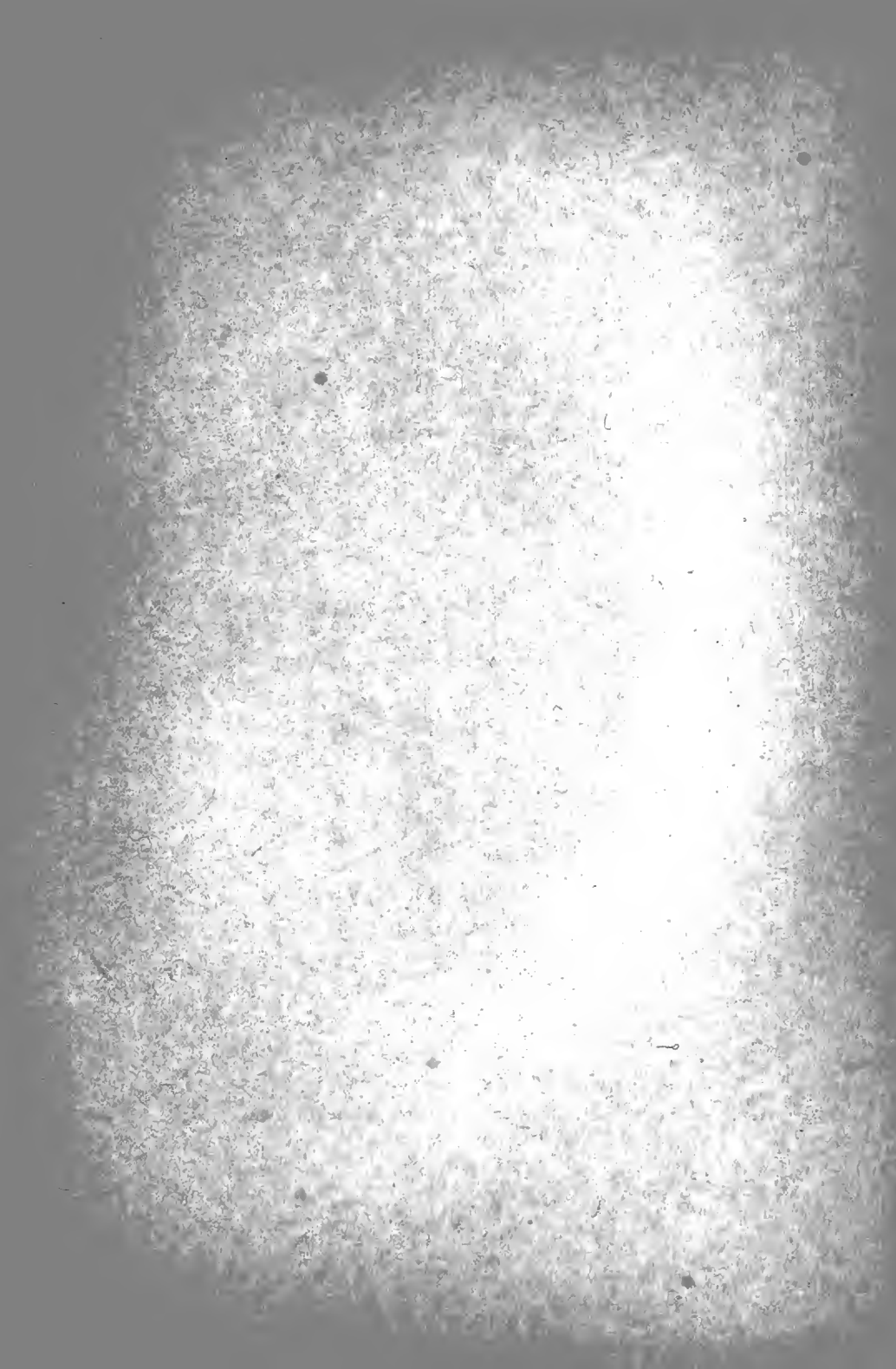
True Greatness

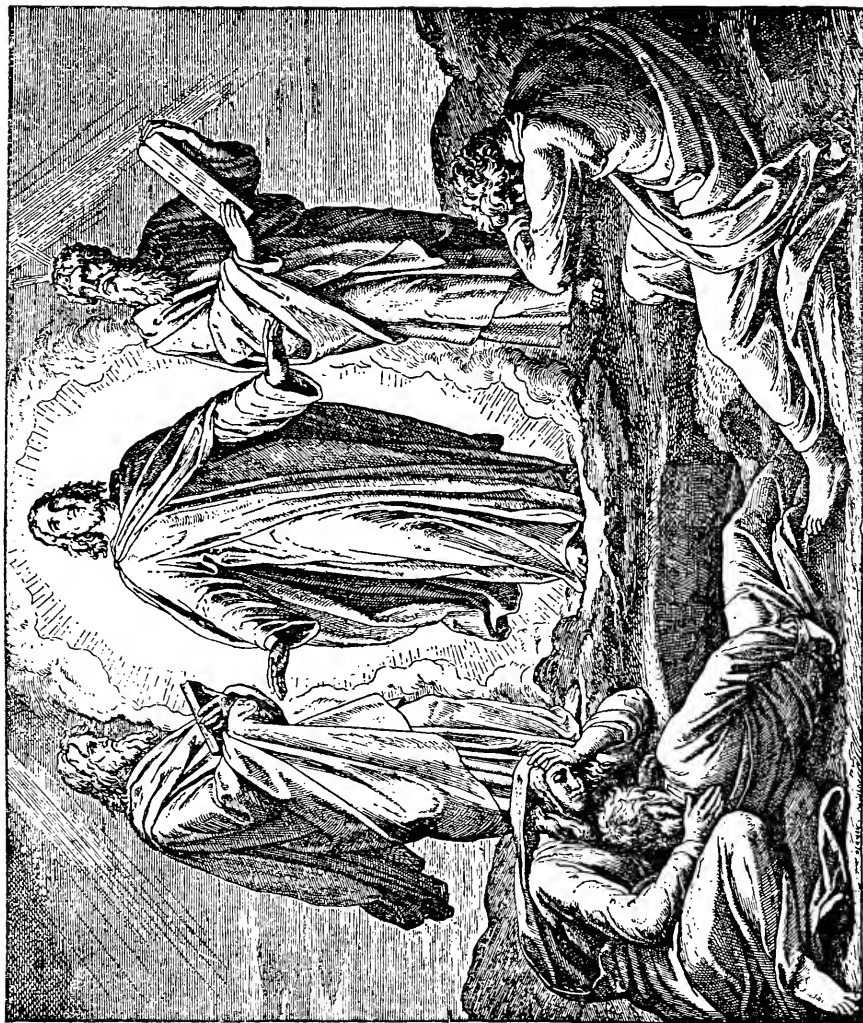
“ Whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister.”

—*Jesus.*

DIVINE the wisdom which reserves
True greatness for the soul that serves ;
Declares it product of the heart
Whence purely selfish aims depart.

Divine the edict which decides
That worth its own reward provides ;
That man, it must be understood,
“ Is only great as he is good.”





"O Tabor's sweet vision! O Calvary's tree."

A Vain Search

“Why seek ye the living among the dead?”

—*Angels at the tomb of Jesus.*

WHY seek amid tombstones what never was there?
The souls of your loved ones ye did not entomb:
They soared through the air to a land that is fair,
And live there as sweetly as flowers a-bloom.

Oh, think not, though passed from material sight,
Your darlings are held in the clutches of death!
They, happy and bright, roam a world of delight;
For souls do not perish at stoppage of breath.

“The laid-away caskets?” Oh, yes, they are dear:
The jewels encased made them precious to you.
They, too, never fear, shall again re-appear,
As spirit forms like to the old forms ye knew.

O Tabor's sweet vision! O Calvary's tree!
How golden the lesson from both we derive!
Revealing that we our departed shall see
As dead in the flesh, but in spirit ALIVE.

Then seek not the living 'mid things that are dead;
The Kingdom of Heaven more wisely explore.
With Heavenly bread feed your heart and your head,
And so be allied to what lives evermore.

A Birthday Soliloquy

"God gave thy soul brave wings."—*Herbert*.

IT is only a year, but I seem to-day
Full many a league upon league away,
In thought, in feeling, in hope, I ween,
From the day I registered "sweet sixteen."

Though only a bit of a girl, as then :
Though only a birdling of seven and ten,
I feel somehow that my wings have grown,
That somehow a larger world I own !

What means it, I wonder, this broader sphere,
That opes as I enter my seventeenth year?
How shall I interpret this growth of soul :
Its meaning, its mission, its trend and goal ?

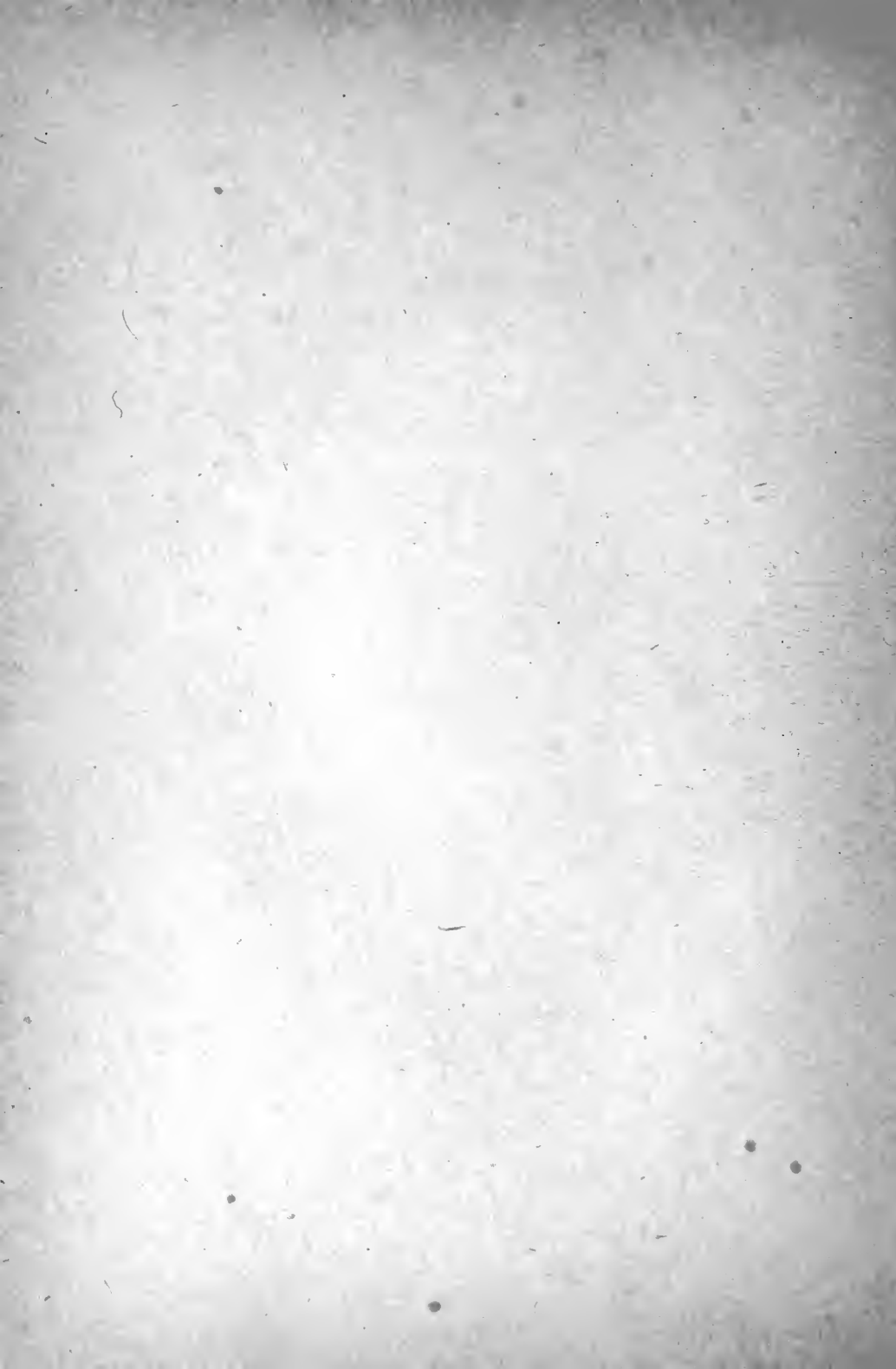
O would that some seer might unfold— No ! no !
O not for the *world* would I have it so !
My future unveiled, whether good or ill,
Would defeat God's plan and my own free will.

O the joy of it all—this unending life
Of achievement, as guerdon of earnest strife !
I long to be in it, with might and main,
Whatever the goal, but it SHALL BE GAIN !

Full well do I know whose the fault will be,
If the beauty and talent vouchsafed to me
Be not wisely invested in paying stock,
And my house be not built upon SOLID ROCK.



"I feel somehow that my wings have grown "



A Heart of Gold

"Honest labor bears a lovely face."—*Dekker*.

WITH merry heart and murmured song,
Without a care or thought of wrong,
A happy maiden tripped, one day,
Along an unfrequented way.
A pair of dudes, bent on a "lark,"
Accosted her with rude remark.
A stranger heard her cry of fright,
And rescued her, like royal knight.
The maiden turned to thank the man
Who bravely to her rescue ran,
And saw, surprised, a working lad,
Of manly form, though poorly clad ;
But in his hand, work-soiled and red,
She placed her own and sweetly said :

" Though, as your dress doth plainly show,
You are a working lad, I know
That 'neath your vesture, worn and old,
There throbs a heart that can't be sold.
That you are manly, brave, and true,
And I shall always think of you
As one beneath whose clothing old
There throbs a heart of sterling gold."

Through balmy days of autumn-tide,
This youth and maiden, side by side,
Together strolled o'er hill and dell,
And each to each their love did tell.
But "Oh! 'tis wrong!" the brave lad cried,
"To make my love a poor man's bride!
It must not be! Good-bye, my sweet,
'Tis best we ne'er again should meet!"
But as he turned to leave the maid,
Her father spoke from out the glade:
"Come back, my lad! You need not part!
My wealth of gold 'gainst yours of heart."
And in his hand, work-soiled and red,
He placed his daughter's hand and said:

"Though as your dress doth plainly show,
You are a working lad, I know
That 'neath your vesture, worn and old,
There throbs a heart that can't be sold.
That you are manly, brave, and true,
And I shall always think of you
As one beneath whose clothing old
There throbs a heart of sterling gold."

Thermie

"But to see her was to love her."—*Burns*.

CAN you tell me what's the matter,
Tell me what the symptom means,
When one's timid in the presence
Of a girl just in her "teens"?

She is winsome, she is pretty,
She has fascinating ways;
And my heart begins to flutter
Ev'ry time I meet her gaze.

Now for years I'd been admitted
To her home a welcome guest,
But I never thought she drew me
More than either of the rest.

And, in truth, it seemed the mother
Who attracted me to call,
Being sprightly, and a widow,
And so very kind, withal.

Then her jolly elder sister,
Full of mirth-provoking glee,
Always gave me kindly greeting,
Very pleasant was to me.

So my calls became so frequent,
And so cordial were the three,
No place else in all the city
Quite so homelike was for me.

Was I not the favored monarch
Of the hearts I there surveyed?
Could I not have issued orders,
Have them instantly obeyed?

Well, I thought so, till one evening,
As the cottage I approached,
I discovered other "monarchs"
On my kingdom had encroached.

Lo! a troop of college students
Filled the place with song and glee;
And my "subjects" clearly made them
Quite as much "at home" as me!

Then there came a strange awaking
To a new and startling sense;
Something I must frankly tell you,
Though somewhat at my expense.

When I saw those students happy,
Saw the ladies happy, too,
All my "royal" plumage wilted;
Strange new feelings pierced me through.

Then my heart for me discovered
Which strand of that triple cord
Drew me, held me, to the cottage :
Why those students I abhorred.

They might swarm about the widow,
Or the sister join in song,
But if Hermie smiled upon them,
I was sure 'twas very wrong !

From that night my wonted valor
Just evaporated, quite ;
I am ill at ease and timid ;
Something surely is not right.

So *do* tell me what's the matter ;
Tell me what the symptom means,
When a fellow is so "rattled"
By a maiden in her "teens."

I'VE many a friend that I love full well ;
I've several beaux, and all that ;
But nothing so causes my heart to swell
As Pluto, my little black cat.

V. P. C. T. U. Rally Song

TUNE.—“Marching through Georgia.”

AS comrades we've enlisted in the service of the Lord,
To fight the hosts of evil in accordance with His
word,
And we must don our armor and go forth with one accord ;
While we are soldiers of Jesus.

REFRAIN

Hurrah ! hurrah ! we will be true and brave ;
Hurrah ! hurrah ! ourselves and others save :
Save from INEBRIETY, so mighty to enslave,
While we are soldiers of Jesus.

Intrenched within our country is King Alcohol, our foe ;
His campfires flaunt their glowing lights whichever way
we go,
And we the lights of church and home must no less
brightly show,
While we are soldiers of Jesus.

The foe is here recruiting for the potentate of hell,
Equipped with ammunition far more dread than shot and
shell,
But then our great Commander is all powerful to quell,
While we are soldiers of Jesus.

To Him we look for wisdom in conducting our campaign ;
He knows how much there is to do, how much to lose or
gain ;

So we may hope to win the day when Rum will cease to
reign,

While we are soldiers of Jesus.

To Maiden Reading "The Builders"

"Character is higher than intellect."—*Emerson.*

YES, dear maiden, building surely,
Day by day, life's structure grand ;
Building wisely, building purely,
Firm and fair your house will stand.
Then, some day, the veil will sever,
When, beyond earth's sky of blue,
You will find "a joy forever"
That sweet home you built so true.

Greatest of Three

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."—*St. Paul.*

FAITH, my trust in things unknown ;
Hope, my trust in things to be ;
Love, my selfishness outgrown :
Noblest, greatest of the three.

A Spring Rehearsal

"Suppose the singing birds musicians."—*Shakespeare*.

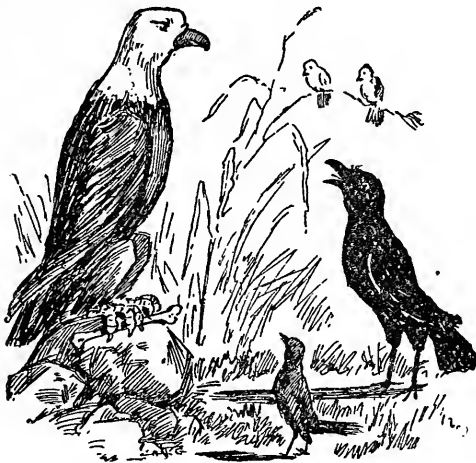
WHEN out walking, what seemed talking
In the hedge-row by the way,
Heard but faintly, sounded quaintly,
Lured my passing steps to stay.

While "eaves-dropping," birds were hopping
In and out the hawthorne hedge,
And the mention "Bird Convention"
Made my act seem sacrilege.

But I listened; plumage glistened,
Swarms of delegates began
Wings to flutter, chirps to utter
Sage opinions — just like man.

Now the matter of the chatter
Was a March Rehearsal planned
Of the singing for inbringing
Of the springtide, near at hand.

"I doubt whether, with such weather,
We may not this meet postpone!"
Screeched the regal chairman, Eagle,
As he picked a lambkin's bone.



“ I were craven, croaked the Raven ”

“ I were craven,” croaked the Raven,
“ If I did not speak my mind.
If our chairman were a fair man
He would songsters treat more kind.

“ He sits eating, when the meeting
The Rehearsal would begin !
We need training for sustaining
Music fit the ‘ Bringing In.’ ”

This speech ended, laughter blended
With the chairman’s stern reply ;
For each winger knew, as singer,
Raven’s standing was not high.

Then much stirring and great whirring
Quivered through the feathered throng ;
For came true word that Prince Bluebird
Now would sing the opening song.

Next up-bobbin', Redbreast Robin
Cleared his throat with conscious pride ;
Bosom glowing, as if knowing
He could win his way earth-wide.

Then up-springing, primed for singing,
Came the "Goldfinch Concert Band."
Robed in yellow, voices mellow,
They are always in demand.

Time would fail me to detail the
Names of vocalists renowned ;
Nor can mention serve intention
To describe how all were gowned.

After list'ning to the whistling
Of the Wood-thrush Soloist,
I must leave you, though it grieve you,
Songsters dear, whom I have missed.

But, in quitting, it seems fitting
I should say what I opine :
That this season there's good reason
Bird-world singing should be fine !

My Lost Pearl

"The leaves of friendship fall."—*Holmes*.

I 'VE lost a pearl, I know not how,
I know not where, I know not when ;
I only know 'twas mine, and now—
'Tis gone, as though it had not been.

I wore my pearl upon my heart,
And thought to keep it there for aye ;
But cruel Fate oft rends apart
What should together always stay.

Could I but know when it was lost,
Just whither gone and why it went,
Such knowledge might reduce the cost ;
Might serve to soothe my discontent.

Or had I prized my pearl less high ;
Could I but say, "I do not care !"
Then pride would scorn complaint, and try
Some other pearl to win and wear.

Sweet Hope predicts a day will come—
Beyond this life that day may be—
When my lost pearl will find its home,
And there abide eternally.

And would you know the pearl I mean ?
A maiden's friendship, crystal pure ;
The sweetest I had known or seen ;
The kind that should for aye endure.

Platonic Love

"A friendship that, like love, is warm :
A love like friendship, steady."

—Moore.

YOU ask : "Can a first love, if genuine, true,
Be followed by other loves, many or few?
If later loves thrill as the old one had thrilled?
If cup of the old by the new can be filled?"

Well, dear, let me speak for a lover who loved
So deeply, so truly, his whole soul was moved ;
And knows that, for him, that initial love flame
The better prepared him for love worth the name.

O think not of love as that fatuous fire
That cremates itself on its own self-built pyre ;
But love that first values its object as friend,
And grows into Hymen's sweet rite in the end.

"Platonic love!" say you? Ah! well, 'tis the kind
That weds the whole being — the heart, soul, and mind :
Without it, the pair oft discover, too late,
They wedded emotion, but neither a mate.

So doubt not, dear friend, that your first love may prove
Precursor and guide to a more perfect love :
A love less exacting, but truer to life —
A stronger cohesive for husband and wife.

The Letter that Came too Late

"Home is the chief school of human virtues."—*Channing*.

"I KNOW how it pained you, that fateful night,
To see me brought home in that dreadful plight,
And pained you to drive me from childhood's door,
And warned me to see your dear face no more.



"I know how it pained you "

But, sad and disheartened, I sought in rum
To drown all remembrance of childhood's home.'

REFRAIN

O see that poor father !
How bitter the fate
Which brings him that letter
That came just too late !
“Far better,” he reasoned,
“I never had learned
My Ralph had repented,
For home had so yearned !”

Far better had father
More love shown that night ;
With son dealt more kindly,
While in that sad plight.
Oh ! why do not parents
Use Love’s potent sway,
In teaching their children
Life’s more perfect way ?

“But now, O my father, resentment past,
Your vagabond son is himself, at last,
But sick in the hospital. Oh, please come
And take me again to your heart and home !
I’ll never recover, the doctors say,
While pining for loved ones so far away.

“With mother to nurse me, and sister’s love,
My sickness will vanish, death far remove,
And Roy will be free, as in days of yore,
To enter with honor the old home door.
O father, forgive me and take me home,
If only to die in my dear old room !”

To Her Who Will Know*

"One tongue is sufficient for a woman."—*Milton*.

WERE you a maid of Athens,
And I a Grecian bard,
To tell you how I love you,

The strength of my regard,
I'd sing the same old story,
The one you so well know,
But in Hellenic measure,
"Ζωη σας αγαπω,"

Were you a Roman lady,
And I a Roman knight,
To voice my glowing passion
In form and words aright,
I'd doff my knightly helmet,
From charger bend me low,
And whisper, "Ego amo
Et te desidero!"

If neither Greek nor Roman,
But German maiden born,
To tell the old sweet story
No woman hears with scorn,
I'd borrow tongue of Schiller,
That tongue so full of soul,
And sing you, "Liebes Mädchen,
Ich liebe dich sehr voll!"

* By permission of Jean White, music publisher.

Nor Grecian, Roman, German,
But maid of sunny France,
I'd brave old ocean's billows,
To win from you one glance;
And did your eyes beam kindly,
And fondly welcome me,
I'd shout aloud — not whisper :
“ Mon cœur! Mon ange! Ma vie! ”

But neither Greek nor Roman,
Nor French nor German maid,
Why dead or foreign language?
Why things I would have said?
My song shall end more timely,
More patriotic, too :
In present tense and English,
“ I love you — *only* you ! ”



“ I love you—only you ”

Imperiled Friendship

"Silence is an answer to a wise man."—*Plutarch*.

WHY your silence, O my friend?
Hath our friendship found its end?
Tell me of the matter.

Please no longer make me wait,
Write and tell me of your state,
Ere our friendship shatter.

Lonely thoughts are mine to-day,
Snow-bound people keep away,
And there comes no letter.
If, before the day is o'er,
Come the postman to my door,
He may shape things better.

Now the snowflakes, thick and fast,
Scurry my lone window past,
Little thinking, caring,
Whether postman come or not,
Whether you have quite forgot,
Or my wish art sharing.

Ah, my friend, could you but know
How I oft a-weary grow
Of my life so blighted ;

How I miss my loved ones gone,
Leaving me bereft, alone,
Loveless and affrighted ;

You would better understand
Why I need the mystic wand
Wielded by your letters !
For they lift me out of self,
Lay my cares upon the shelf,
Break away my fetters.

Should this bit of idle rhyme
Win from you response, sometime,
I shall be delighted.
Should no echo reach my ear,
Then I'll know — though hard to bear —
Friendship's bud hath blighted !



Beautiful Flowers

"Flowers are words that even a babe may understand."

—*Bishop Cox.*



THE flowers! Beautiful flowers!
How they brighten this world of ours!
Cheering its cheer, light-lining its gloom,
Decking the font, the altar, the tomb.

O the flowers! Sweet-scented flowers!
Making our homes like Eden's bowers!
Weaving sweet thoughts, as on mystic loom,
In hearts entranced by their rich perfume.

O the flowers ! Sensitive flowers !
Gently employing our leisure hours !
How they respond with a fond delight
To care of love ! How they shrink from slight !

O the flowers ! Beautiful flowers !
Ever adorning this world of ours !
The heart that loves the beautiful warms
Praising their delicate tints and forms.

O ye flowers ! Ye friendly flowers !
When fortune favors or darkly lowers,
In health and sickness, be ye my friends,
Till bloom of Heaven my pathway ends.

THIRTEEN years ago to-day
A rocket, soaring Heaven's way,
Attracted by its brilliant glare
A baby angel's longing stare.
When rocket turned to earthward fly,
The angel babe began to cry,
And so was given leave to go
Along with it to Earth below.
And this explains how Fourth July
Is birthday of Miss Mercy Frye.

Eloped with Spring

"Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring:
Sweet female Beauty hand in hand with Spring."

—Burns.

AH! Miss Gertrude, I have traced you
To your hiding-place at last,
Where, eloped with Spring, he placed you,
Bidding Nature hold you fast.

All about you birds are singing ;
Lambkins frisk the verdant mead ;
Zephyrs to your senses bringing
Sounds your ears take in with greed.

Now the purling of a brooklet ;
Now sweet echoes from the wold ;
Music from the vocal nooklet
Where winged minstrels concert hold.

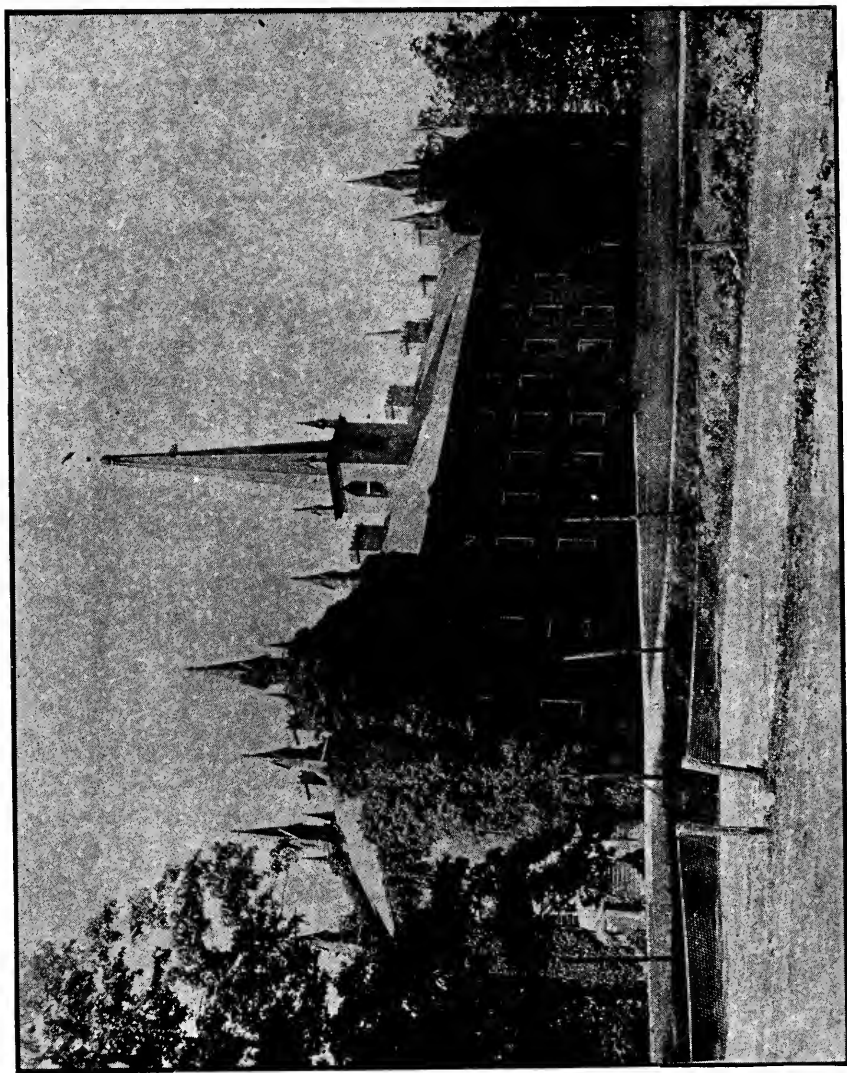
Where glad leafy trees are waving
Welcome to our runaway ;
Aye, all Nature just behaving
Charmingly, to stretch her stay !

Ah ! thou cruel Spring, to take her
From my sight without my leave !
I suppose you mean to make her
Yours, no matter who may grieve !



“ Ah ! thou cruel Spring, to take her ”

Well, I 'spose I'll have to bear it :
Girls are struck on Spring, we know.
In their pleasure, e'en to share it,
Hoary Winter hath no show.



"Old Kenyon"

"Old Kenyon"

"Honos alit artes, et virtus laudata crescit."—CICERO.

Alma Mater Renyon College:

Living spring of classic knowledge.

Many children dearly love thee:

All whose Lares bade them prove thee.

Many thy achieved successes.

Ably baffled all thy stresses.

This eighth decade of thy being

Evidences, all are seeing,

Righteous aim and growth agreeing.

Renyon, thy dear name grows dearer,

E'en as Earth-life's end draws nearer.

Name suggesting scenic beauty:

Youth enthused with self-sought duty.

Old Kokosing's rhythmic flowing

'Neath proud trees with verdure glowing.

Campus flecked with *au fait* Seniors,

Outing Freshmen, Sophs and Juniors.

Lorin Andrews, Lang or Trimble

Looming on the scene as symbol,

Each, of zealous consecration.

God be praised that estimation

Ekes with Peirce administration.

Service and Trust

“ They also serve who only stand and wait.”—*Milton*.



MAY I do my Father's will
This passing day,
And every wish of His fulfill,
In His own way !
O may I trust my Father's care
This coming night,
Nor feel less safe than in the glare
Of midday light !

O may I know that while I sleep,
All care forgot,
There watcheth One, my soul to keep,
Who slumbers not !
And since He knows what's best for me,
By day and night,
O may His will, whate'er it be,
Be my delight !

Madame La Grippe

MY desk and my paper, my pen and my ink
Are ready for business, but where is my
“think”?

Whenever a blossoming thought I would nip,
My head begins humming the lay of La Grippe.

I’ve earnestly sought how I best might evade
The loathsome embraces of that wicked jade ;
Am told many ways how to give her the slip,
But none have yet saved me from Madame La Grippe.

One told me to stick out my tongue, which I did,
When on it a spoonful of sulphur was slid :
Believing, I think, that the Madame would skip,
So much ’twould remind her of home, poor La Grippe !

But how can one write ? It is no use to try,
A buzz in his head and a flood in his eye !
And here’s a big sneeze getting ready to ri—
Oh ! put in a word there to rhyme with LA GRIPPE ! !

What Gracie and God Did for Me

"To stay at home is best."—*Longfellow.*



FATHER, don't leave me alone, to-night :

Dear mother, you know, is so ill !

If she should get worse I would die of fright :

Stay, father, O say that you will !

Stay, O my father, do stay !

Stay with your Gracie—*don't*
go !

And we'll watch and we'll pray

Till the dawning of day,

And then she'll get better, I
know."

So pleaded the child of my fond-
est love,

With tears stealing down her
sweet face ;

And, helped by our Father who
hears above,

I yielded to God and my
Grace.

"Stay, O my father "

"Pray, O my Gracie," I sighed,

"Pray for your mother and me" ;

And we watched side by side,

And to Heaven we cried,

To make my wife well and me free.



The morrow's sun rose with a golden glow ;
The birds were all singing with glee ;
I wonder if Nature was glad to know
What Gracie and God did for me ?
Sing, all ye people, oh, sing !
Sing with my Gracie and me :
For we feel we must sing,
Till the welkin shall ring :
Wife lives and from drink I am free !

No more shall my wife nor my Gracie know
Neglect, nor of terror the pain ;
No more my example and earnings go
To swell the rich rumseller's gain.
Sing, all good people, oh, sing !
Sing with my darlings and me :
For we feel we must sing,
Till the welkin shall ring :
We're free ! From the rum demon free !

Ode to Friendship

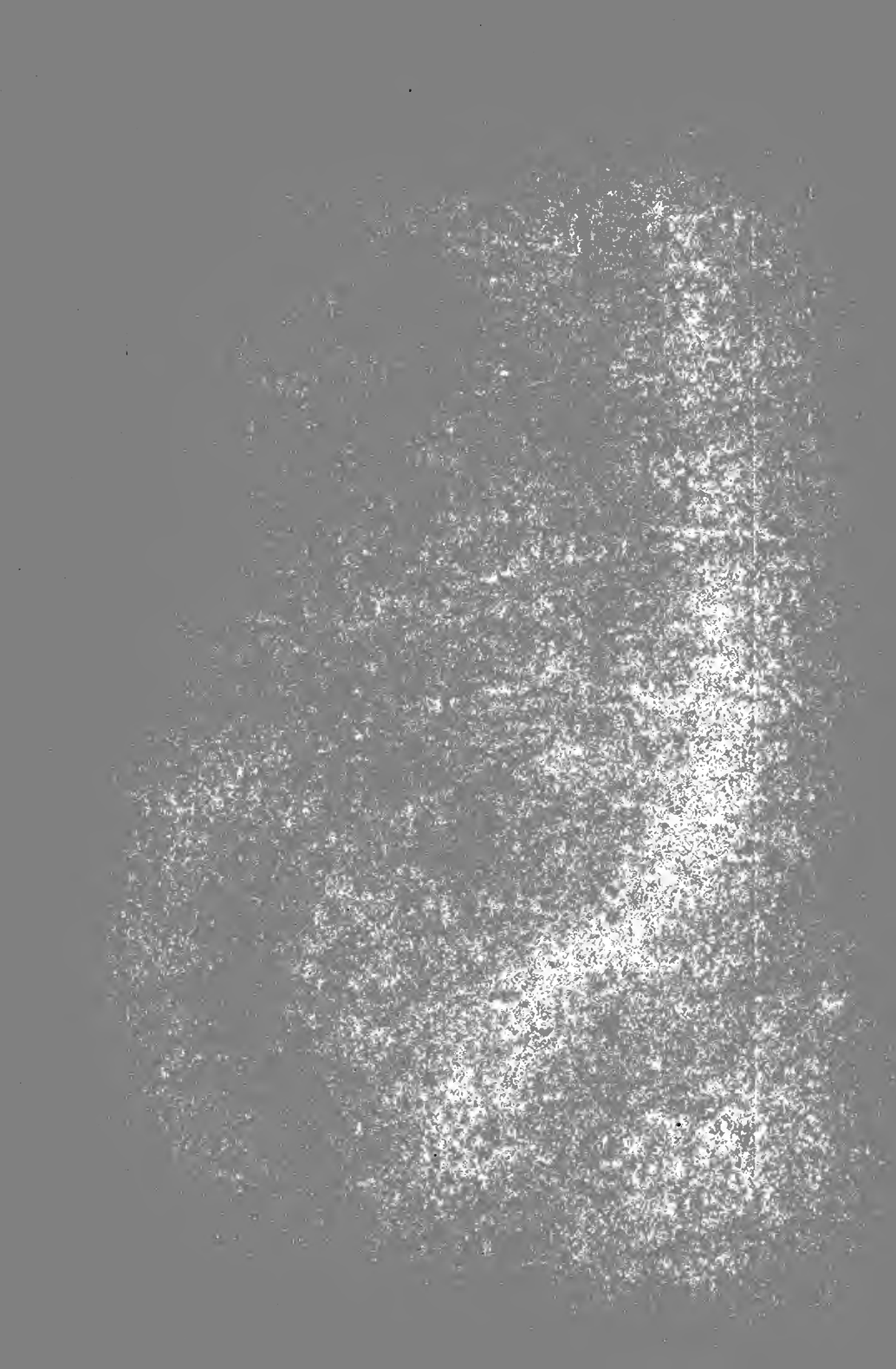
"Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core."—*Shakespeare*.



LOVE, that art not Love but friendship named !
Thy nature? Bard hath never sung it true.
Thy beauty? Brush hath never limned its hue.
Shall novice, then, brave theme by sages maimed?

.

To Love hymeneal thou art surety bond,
O Friendship ! They wed ill who wed not thee.
Love's permanence hath else no guaranty
The summer-tide of its brief dream beyond.
But thou dost other mission well fulfill :
Thou raisest Love to even higher plane
Than that which leads to wedlock, good or ill.
Sweet souls there are who worship at thy fane
In loving, helpful trust, nor cross His will
Who wills not hearts shall yearn for hearts in vain.





“And when she came to maidenhood
Of type a prince might woo it”

"I Knew It"

"Love gives itself, but is not bought."—*Longfellow.*

IT might be nice to love a girl,
And never let her know it;
But that's a trick I have not learned:

To love and not to show it.
I tried it once, as best I could,
But found I failed to do it;
For when at last I told the girl,
She laughed and said, "I knew it!"

Of course she did! They always do,
When love is tender, pure, and true:

In glowing cheek,
In gleaming eye,
In manner meek,
In heaving sigh,
They read the "old, old story" well,
And welcome or resent its spell.

A sweet young girl I long have known,
And dearly loved her ever;
For, as a child, she seemed to me
So beautiful and clever.

And when she came to maidenhood,
Of type a prince might woo it,
And I declared in words my love,
She sighed: "Alas! I knew it!"

Of course she did ! They always do,
When love is tender, pure, and true :
 In glowing cheek,
 In gleaming eye,
 In manner meek,
 In heaving sigh,
They read the " old, old story " well,
And welcome or resent its spell.

It puzzled me—that word " alas ! "
 Accompanied by sighing ;
She read the question in my look,
 And chuckled, thus replying :
" That word and sigh were only feigned,
 And meant to make you rue it,
That you so tried to hide your love,
 While all the time I knew it."

Of course she did ! They always do,
When love is tender, pure, and true :
 In glowing cheek,
 In gleaming eye,
 In manner meek,
 In heaving sigh,
They read the " old, old story " well,
And welcome or resent its spell.

Victorious Name

“Who hath not owned with rapture-smitten frame
The power of grace, the magic of a name.”

—Campbell.

“**Christian Endeavor**”—victorious name!

How on swift wings it hath mounted to fame!

Rising and soaring and flashing along,

Incarnate spirit of triumph and song!

Singing the theme herald angels began,

Telling the love of the Father for man:

Infinite love, ever striving to bring

All men to majesty, crown each a king!

Need we a song more seraphic to sing?

Earth hath no guerdon more worthy life's aim.

Noble achievements have honored the name.

Deathless the fame of its conquests o'er sin.

Endless the jewels through Christ it will win.

“**A**ll things are yours,” saith the Gospel of Grace,

Valiantly claim them and conquer the race.

Onward to victory, God-loving youth:

Right for your watchword and Christ for your Truth!

The Lord's Prayer

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire."—*Montgomery*.



Y need is great, for self I
pray,
But first I Thee adore and
say :

"Our Father who doth dwell
in Heaven,
All glory to Thy name be
given."

I would not pray with selfish
greed,
And so for all mankind I
plead :

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
On Earth, as where transgressed by none."

My body, soul, and spirit, all
For daily food on Thee must call :
"O Thou by whom all beasts are fed,
Give me this day my daily bread."

And, since I do transgress Thy law,
Nor can, unhelped, from sin withdraw,
"Forgive my debts to Thee o'erdue,
As I to Mercy's claims am true."

And, O my Father, Jesus long
The tempter foiled ; I am not strong :
“ Lead me not in temptation’s way :
Deliver me from harm, I pray.”
This prayer, approved by Thy dear Son,
O Father, hear ! For ye are one ;
“ For Thine is now and aye hath been
The kingdom, power, and praise. Amen.”

“ Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—*Jesus*.

DO LIFE’S burdens press you sorely?
Is your heart with care oppressed?
Go tell Jesus all about it,
While you lean upon His breast.

Are you sick or sad or lonely?
Mourn you loved ones gone to rest?
Jesus knows and feels your sorrows :
Knows just how to help you best.

Are you longing for the summons
To a life among the blest?
Soon will call the voice of Jesus :
“ COME, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST.”

Attic or Basement

“He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit.”—*Scott*.

HOW people can be so contented
To live in the stories below,
When nothing but choice them prevented
From climbing, I'm puzzled to know.

The air is much clearer and purer,
The light more effulgent, by far,
The outlook is broader and surer,
The nearer one neighbors a star.

E'en clouds cast a less gloomy shadow ;
Show rifts all unseen near the ground ;
Suggestive of daisy-flecked meadow,
Where brightness will full soon abound.

“As for me,” yawns a lower-floor lodger,
“Stair-climbing is not to my taste ;
Though I'm not at all a work dodger,
For climbing I've no strength to waste.”

Ah ! how that pernicious conception
Oft plunders the soul of its right !
Denies it its own predilection,
And dooms it to ignoble blight !

Compels it to live in the basement !
Forbids it to climb toward the sky !
Which means aspiration's erasement :
Just creeping awhile and then—die !
Pray read you not into this rhyming
Alone its material thought ;
But chiefly real heart and soul climbing,
Which greatness to great lives hath brought.

Christian Soldiers

" I have fought a good fight."—*St. Paul.*

BY the Saviour called, commissioned,
Armed, equipped, and well provisioned,
Comrades, shall we fear disaster,
Marching under such a Master ?
Be our way o'er rugged mountain,
Desert waste that knows no fountain,
In dark valley fraught with danger,
Through domain of hostile stranger :
March erect ! Whate'er betide us,
There is One doth march beside us,
Who before the way hath traveled,
All its tangled maze unravelled.
He hath clambered mountains rougher ;
Hunger, thirst, been known to suffer ;
Threaded perils from the manger :
Comrades, FORWARD ! Conquer danger !

A Perfect Guide

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."—*Jesus*.

I AM the Way :

The thoughts I think, the life I live,
The deeds I do, the precepts give :
These mirror forth the Father's plan
For guiding, saving, erring man :

I am the way.



"My message is the Father's own "

I am the Truth :

No errors I proclaim to you ;
I know the false, I know the true ;

My message is the Father's own ;
From Him the seed that I have sown :
I am the Truth.

I am the Life :
This life were little worth had I
Not rived the barriers of the sky ;
Unveilèd Heaven to mortal sight ;
Brought immortality to light :
I am the Life.

A Sacred Spot

A QUIET nook in Nature's heart
Where lie the loved remains apart
Of two sweet maidens, early risen
From loving, anguished hearts to Heaven.

A Rainy Day Love Letter

"I hear the singing of the rain."—*Burleigh*.

BELOVED, to-day it is raining,
And shadows are flitting my room,
Depleting the joys here obtaining,
And flecking its spirit with gloom.
At such times my thought goes a-searching
For places and persons I love,
And now it is tenderly perching
On home-tree where you "live and move."

This fact may convey little pleasure
To maiden for whom it is meant ;
Though love oft requites in some measure
A heart, though with lover unblent.
'Tis something to know one doth love you ;
Your beauty of person admires ;
In character thinks none above you ;
Your happiness greatly desires.

But pray do not let it disturb you
To know that you live in my heart ;
Nor ever the least let it curb you,
When smitten by self-approved dart.
For I must assist, not impede you,
In all that concerns your sweet life ;
Rejoice e'en, if fortune concede you
A husband befit such a wife.

Must I, then, suppress all ovation?
Refrain from all mention of love?
Keep veiled from you all intimation
Of prizing you others above?
Why should I? The knowing can't harm you,
For, though it is perfectly true,
And though it may not the least charm you,
'Tis something that neither should rue.

For love hath a meaning and mission
Beyond that the world calls its place;
A broader, a grander commission:
Ennobling, refining the race.
Besides, love survives earth's restrictions;
Lives on through eternity's reach;
Eliminates hindering frictions:
United souls knowing no breach.

So, dear, while this world we are roaming,
The jewels we find by the way
Will bide with us after death's gloaming,
To brighten our unending day.
So, too, though far future and distant,
True love that seemed meaningless here,
Will there prove itself still existent:
Its reason for being make clear.

Tete-a-tete with My Soul

"Hear my soul speak."—*Shakespeare.*



MY soul, where is there
rescue
From this sorrow, this un-
rest?

"In reunion with your
darlings;
Where they live among the
blest."

Tell me, soul, O tell me truly,
Do they love me as before
They went forth and left me
weeping

"O tell me truly "

On this desolated shore?

"Aye, much more, and much more wisely,
For your inmost life they know;
Know its thoughts, its loves, its motives,
As they never could below."

Speak again, my soul: Why is it
God hath taken them away,
In their youth and joy and beauty,
Leaving me bereft to stay?

“Life, we know, hath many mansions ;
Souls, appointed work to do ;
Theirs lies in the world of spirit ;
Yours in this awaits its due.”

If I, then, give o'er this grieving ;
Do the work that keeps me here ;
Shall I have again my darlings :
Guerdon to my heart so dear ?

“Surely yes ! Though, here, not always
Have we with us those we love,
Hearts united find each other
In the spirit realms above.”

To the Snow Sprite

"The snow-flakes fall, each one a gem."—*Gibson.*

THE morn hath come again, and lo!
Thou comest, pure and happy Snow!
Ah! charming elf, I would that you
Had stayed away the winter through.



For, child of purity, I know
How you'll be treated here below.
You come enrobed in stainless white;
But ah! before approach of night,

Your robe of purity will be
A sad, bedraggled sight to see !
Rough man will throw you into cart
And, trampling on your broken heart,
Will drag you forth and dump you down
Among the garbage of the town.
Then you will wish, no less than I,
You had not left your native sky.

Harry and Emily United

" From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home."

—*Colton.*

" HAPPY the day that doth entwine,
Emily dear, thy life with mine ! "

" Angel were I, I'd hail the day
My Harry comes with me to stay."

" Reading the joy in thy sweet face,
I were a fiend to it displace."

" Reading true manliness in thine,
Lovely the life assured as mine."

" Yea, as OURS : for, as years go by,
You will be you, and I will be I ! "

Sitting at His Feet

"Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God."

—*Jesus.*

AS o'er the hills of Galilee
Our Lord and His disciples walked ;
Or, sheltered 'neath Judean tree,
On grassy plain they sat and talked ;

How blest were they His voice to hear !
To watch His kind, expressive face !
To feel, while in His presence, fear
To loving confidence give place !

And then what precious things He said
Of Life, of Duty, Faith, and Love !
Of Death — that monster mortals dread !
Of God, and spirit realms above !

For "unto you," He said, "'tis given "
(O privilege surpassing thought !)
"To know the mystery of Heaven."
With this His mission here was fraught.

He came not earthly realm to sway,
But souls to save from sin and night ;
Make known a world of cloudless day ;
Bring *Immortality* to light.

Soul to Sense

“There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.”—*St. Paul.*

HOW darest thou, sense, to defile the fane
Assigned as my Earth dwelling-place?
'Twas beautiful, once, ere vile Rum brought bane,
Involving our home in disgrace.

I deemed this fair temple devised for me
Full worthy my regal descent;
And planned for us both that our joys should be
Of body and soul wisely blent.

I saw it adapted to noble use,
This fane in the image of God,
Nor dreamed of a possible base abuse,
To make it the veriest clod.

In youth, thou didst heed my advice, quite well;
Our happiness seemed quite assured;
Then Rum crossed our path, you stumbled and fell;
Now Hope in her grave lies immured.

The wife thou didst choose I, too, well approved;
Thy children I counted my own;
And hadst thou been faithful, as need behooved,
To honor we all should have grown.



“Soul shall not yield her rights to sense”

But now, with dear wife broken-hearted, ill ;
Our children unclothed and unfed ;
The mission to Earth I was sent to fill,
Hath failed, and 'twere well you were dead !

But no ! Soul shall *not* yield her rights to Sense !
She *will* her dominion assert !
This *day* will we pledge with vile Rum to dispense :
His soul-damning haunts to desert !

Beauty Loyal to Duty

"I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty."

—*Ellen Sturgis Hooper.*

'TWAS early morn, spring cleaning time.
She stood equipped with broom in hand
For war exterminate 'gainst dust,
And hated carpet-eating moths,
And cobwebs pendent,—all *debris*
Of winter's cumulated waste.



"Equipped with broom "

Her native wealth of dark brown hair,
Not then, but sometime later seen,
A coiffure wore, extemporized,
Nor wore for ornament, but use.
And other clothes, to work adapt,
That erst had lain in garret chest,
Or lumber-room, apart, unused,
Her graceful form indued.

'Twas thus
Enclad she stood. Nor stood abashed,
As she would drop her broom and fly
To re-enrobe for stranger guest,
But proudly stood, erect, as one
Who knew her worth was not in dress :
Whose inner being, conscious self,
Personified in form and mien,
Whose attitude and atmosphere
Proclaimed a Nature's queen.

'Twas eve.
Domestic duties now gave way
To recreation's well-earned meed.
Through door ajar that from the hall
To spacious parlor oped the way,
Sweet strains of music charmed the ear,
Of instrument and well-trained voice.
Constrained by courtesy of one
Who bid me enter and enjoy,

I stood within a homelike scene :
A guest-room, richly tapestried ;
Twin windows, curtained heavily,
One wall adorned. Upon the rest
Some rare old German paintings hung ;
While sofas, chairs, and ottomans,
In styles antique and various,
Profusely offered restful ease.



“At keys of Steinway ”

A lady, costumed gracefully,
At keys of Steinway sat and sang,
In sweetly trilling bird-like notes,
A soulful Schubert classic *Lied*.
She rose and turned to greet. The face
Confirmed effect of voice and form :
It was the maiden of the broom.

Where next, and often since, we met,
In library, to read, conjoint,
Some fav'rite book of hers or mine,
For long, long years will be a shrine
To which my thought will pilgrimage.
For there, as in her humbler sphere,
Or priestess at Euterpe's shrine,
Her taste and execution pleased.
She read for information. Books
That deal with deepest things in life,
Repletest with sound argument,
Seemed most to please and feed her mind.
We read aloud. She read so well
That, in the music of her voice,
I lost, anon, the thread of thought,
Nor deemed the loss exceeded gain.

And now why praise of this fair girl
Employs my pen I will reveal:
'Tis not to woo her love—not that:
Existent ties forbid the thought.
Were this not so, discrepant age
Would bar the suit. For this, too late.
What might have been had, years ago,
This lovely vision crossed my path
Becomes me not to speculate.

Intent and moral of my theme:
That she, my friend, nor she alone,

May know and, knowing, cultivate,
What, in her coronet of charms,
Are brightest gems in eyes of men.
These beauty prize. No true man lives
But knows its wondrous potency.
I hold that maiden loveliness
No rival hath in Nature's realm,
Nor yet in realm of boastful Art.
But beauty fades, nor is adapt,
Alone, to meet life's full demands.
And soonest fades in case of those
Who, lacking most, are most bereft.

Who beauty have, who have it not,
One law obtains for these and those :
To win and hold the hearts of men
Whose hearts are worth the pains to win,
Two sterling virtues most avail :
A love of home, a love of books—
DOMESTIC GRACE, INTELLIGENCE.

L. of C.

Just Nineteen

"Your birthday, as my own, is dear to me."—*Martial*.

WHY so quiet, dear papa mine?
You seem so sad!

Are you not glad

That I to-day am ten and nine?"

"O yes, dear child, so glad! You know,

As well as I

Joy makes one cry."

Why to her all my heartache show?

Her daughter ten and nine! Ah! me:

Though time seems slow,

Years come and go!

And just nineteen that day was she!

Yes, just nineteen the very day

That made her mine:

That made her thine,

Dear heart! Ours still, though passed away.

Yes, ours and here, if we could see:

Love hath brought her

To her daughter,

Her nineteen-year-old girl and me.

"So sad! so quiet!" did she say?

Well, life, though sweet,

It were not meet

That it should seem too light and gay.

The Love of My Dreams

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."—*Byron.*



"Only in dreams "

HE begged me to write her
a song to sing,
Nor dreamed of the joy her
request would bring ;
For how could she know that
the girl I love
Is just as much like her as
dove like dove ?
Just the same eyes,
Just the same hair,
Just the same ripple of wave-
lets there ;
Just the same mouth,
Just the same chin,
Just the same glitter of pearls
within.

The girl that I love I have longed to see,
But only in dreams does she come to me ;
So how do I know she is not my love :
This girl as much like her as dove like dove ?
Just the same size,
Just the same pose,

Just the same lips, like a twin red rose ;
Just the same boot,
Just the same glove :
Surely the girl of my dreams and love !

I've written this song that to her will tell
This story of love that I know so well ;
And if she be truly my dream-world love,
She'll show it as like her as dove like dove :

Just the same blush,
Just the same sigh,
Just the same look in her love-lit eye ;
Just the same " no ! "
Just the same " y-e-s ; "
Just the same pouting of lips to press.

The Eclipse Eclipsed

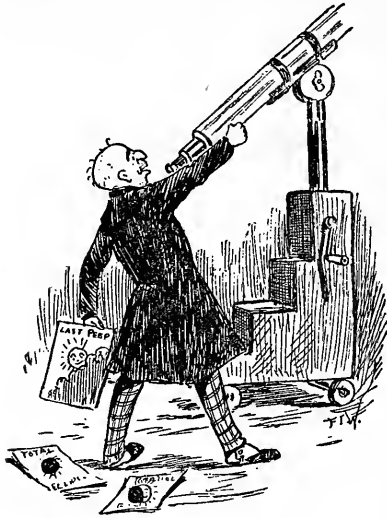
"Blessed are clouds, to do as clouds do."—*Shakespeare.*

'T WAS natural, O silly man,
When Sol and Luna chose to plan
A nice flirtation in the sky,
That they should have some clouds float by.

You would yourself, you know you would,
Although you think yourself so good,
Take lots of pains to screen from sight
An interview of such delight.

The maker of this homespun rhyme
Suspects they had a real good time :
For Love's sweet sake, he hopes they had,
E'en though astronomers were mad.

For think how long this couple wait,
Before things get in such a state
That they can have a little spell
Alone, unseen, their love to tell !



"Astronomers were mad"

Why, months and months
 of waiting pass,
 Before this loving lad and
 lass
 Can more than at each
 other blink,
 Or of each other fondly
 think!
 'Tis hoped that, from
 some point of view,
 Wise gazers caught some
 glimpses new
 Of how celestial wooings
 prove
 The harmony of holy love.

A Father's Letter

THOUGH far from the spot where the knot will be tied,
 Which gives me a daughter, my son a fair bride,
 The plains are too narrow, the mountains too slight,
 To hinder my love being with you that night.
 With all signs propitious, with Heaven your friend,
 Dear son and dear daughter, may your lives so blend,
 That faults which were either's, while living alone,
 May merge in the virtues of both, now made one.

Mother Goes to Her Child

"It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there."

—Southey.

FATHER, mother, sister, brother,
Husband of the dear one gone,
Think not, feel not, you have lost her :
She is all the more your own.

Could your tear-stained eyes be opened,
Could you scan that farther shore,
You would witness scene to charm you :
Mother clasping child once more.

Could you see that happy mother
Press her darling to her heart ;
See her lovely features beaming
With the thought "no more to part !"

Though your tears ceased not their flowing,
They would flow from joy-lit love,
As your souls drank in the picture
Of the happy group above.

Discipline of Duty

"The path of duty is the way to glory."—*Tennyson*.



LADY dear, of charms
surpassing,
If beset with cares harass-
ing,
Do not let them sore
alarm thee,
Never think them meant
to harm thee.
In life's field where thou
art gleaning
Each small grain enfolds
a meaning.
God knows best the kind
of schooling

"God knows best"

Will best earn the wand of ruling ;
Raiseth one, by steps of duty,
To a goal of self-earned beauty :
Lifteth one on pinions mortal
Unction preened by touch immortal.
Duty earneth Heaven's blessing,
Or it were not worth possessing.

A Plucky School-Girl

"When in doubt, win the trick."—*Hoyle*.

I'M sorry, dear Jessie, that you have been ill,
And cannot go on with your class ;
Though full of ambition and resolute will,
You surely can't graduate, lass."

With genuine pity the principal spoke,
And felt, as he looked, very sad ;
But Jessie's eyes twinkled, as if at a joke,
As this she replied in voice glad :—

"The willing and plucky
Deserve to be lucky,
And girls should be right up to date ;
So, with your permission,
I'll test my ambition,
And prove that I *can* graduate !"

And so it all happened that Jessie did try,
And climbed into line with her class ;
Did bravely her enemy, sickness, defy,
And win from the school board a pass.

And when the day came that beribboned white rolls
Were given to those who had won,
'Twas found that on one of those coveted scrolls
Was writ, "Jessie Archer De Shun."

Yes, the willing and plucky
Deserve to be lucky,
And Jessie was right up to date :
For, granted permission,
She tried her ambition,
And proved that she *could* graduate.

A Very Civil War

"Love is your master, for he masters you."—*Shakespeare.*

THOUGH the war of the rebellion
Furled its banners long ago,
And the tidal wave of fratricide
Has wholly ceased to flow,
A conspiracy is brewing,
Just as sure as sure can be,
'Tween the State of Massachusetts
And the State of Tennessee.

Though details are not in evidence,
It certainly is true
That negotiations pending,
At this moment, 'twixt the two,
Clearly indicate surrender,
On a basis full and free,
Of the State of Massachusetts
To the State of Tennessee.

This, at least, the Muse discovered :
On a charming summer day,
Came to Boston fairest maiden,
Bright and sweet as morn in May,
Whom a youth no sooner sighted
Than he fell in love, you see,
He a youth of Massachusetts,
She a girl of Tennessee.

So they talked about their sections :
 “ Sunny South,” and “ Chilly North ” ;
And the maiden praised the former,
 Thought the latter little worth ;
And you know a man can’t argue
 With the girl he loves, a wee !
So the State of Massachusetts
 Stood no show with Tennessee.



“ Unconditional surrender ”

Well—“ O pshaw ! ” it can’t be doubted
 That the day is near at hand,
When the vote will pass in favor
 Of the maiden’s “ summer land ” !
Unconditional surrender :
 To no less will she agree,
Of the State of Massachusetts
 To the State of Tennessee.

To Loved Ones "Over There"

"There is no death! What seems so is transition."—*Longfellow*.



DEARLY loved ones, are ye so far away

Ye cannot come back to me just for a day?

I'm weary and lonesome, and long so for you!

O do you not love me and long for me, too?

O come for a moment, if not for a day,

To prove you are living "just over the way"!

Though I should continue your absence to mourn,

A hopeful aloneness were easier borne.

For years I have waited and hoped, darlings mine,

For some little token, a word or a line;

But out of the stillness no tidings have come,

Dispelling the shadows Death left in our home.

I know there are many who say they can prove

That oft from some loved one in realm above

Come tidings to show that, though passed on before,

'Tis not, as some think, to an "echoless shore."

So try, O my darlings, to find out the road

By which to revisit your earthly abode.

Entreat some great spirit of wisdom divine

To teach you the use of the telepath line.

The Champion Cloud-Maker

"The more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly."

—*Shakespeare.*



"Why! cloudlets"

WHY! cloudlets are flecking
my darling's sweet face,
Where cloudlets must
never be given a place!
These all must be hurled
helter-skelter away,
And never be seen there
again from this day!"

So pleasantly chided the
groom on the day
That made him the hus-
band of sweet Bertha
May,

Whose love he so cherished, and her loved so true,
Whatever her wish should be his wish, he knew!

"Whatever?" Ah! yes, in his heart he believed
He'd live true to her! But himself he deceived:
The cloudlets he noticed the day they were wed
Persisted, grew darker, and more widely spread.

“And what them occasioned?” Ah! that which hath
seamed

More faces and hearts than the world ever dreamed ;
And scarred them so deeply, the dark yawning grave
Is yearned for, as yielding what life never gave.

The cloudlets that shadowed the face of his bride
Were limned by his breath, as he stood by her side ;
Suggesting a possible future so drear
That, strive as she might, she could not banish fear.

The years came and went, and each darkened the hue
Of clouds that pervaded their home through and through ;
For Rum had asserted full sway, and then called
His wonted attendants, and them there installed.

So Poverty, Cruelty, Lewdness, and Shame,
Unhoused the fair tenants—Sweet Love and Good Name ;
Excluded all guests from fair regions above,
And drowned in vile Drink the last vestige of Love !

Oh ! why will our young men so blindly ignore
Their manhood in boyhood by haunting that door
That leads to the drunkard’s detestable doom,
Involving themselves and their loved ones in gloom ?

Nay, why will good citizens longer refrain
From closing that door with the law’s throttling chain ?
From punishing men who dare tempt fellow-men
To ever pass over that threshold again ?

Saturday Night

A WEEK of worry and work and strife
Peacefully wanes to a restful close ;
All Nature pulses a calmer life,
Sensing approach of a sweet repose.

Sunday Morning

THE morn now ushers the Lord's blest day,
Sweetly to cleanse and renew, by rest,
The Earthly house of the soul's brief stay :
Fit it anew for its Heavenly guest.

Believe in God and Trust His Son

“Let not your heart be troubled.”—*Jesus*.

LET not your hearts be troubled :
Ye believe in God, trust me.
In my Father's house in Heaven
There are many mansions, free.

If not so, I would have told you :
I would not your hearts deceive,
But would fill them all with gladness,
If ye only could believe.

For the time of my departure
From this world will soon be due,
When I go among those mansions
To prepare a place for you.

When up there all things are ready,
I will come again, be sure,
To receive and keep you with me,
Where I am, if ye be pure.

So let not your hearts be troubled,
Neither let them be afraid ;
But rejoice when ye remember
Whatsoever I have said.

The Rum Seller Jubilant*

"Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice."

—*Shakespeare.*



"I've got it!"

I'VE got it! I've got it!" he
shouted for joy,
And chuckled and danced like
a half-witted boy!

"And what has he gotten,
this boaster, pray tell?"

Why, license to send his weak
neighbors to—well,
Rum-drinking, idleness, shift-
lessness, shame:

Ultimate ruin of fortune and
fame;

Drunkenness, penury, gross
self-neglect,

Loss of their own and of
others' respect.

"I've got it! I've got it! They signed it last night!"

"And what does this document grant?" Why, the right
Intoxicant liquors of all kinds to sell,
To rake in the dollars and send men to—well,

* Set to music.

Rum-drinking, idleness, shiftlessness, shame :
Ultimate ruin of fortune and fame ;
Drunkenness, penury, gross self-neglect,
Loss of their own and of others' respect.

"I've got it! I've got it!" "And pray tell us, now,
How came they to sign it?" You voters know how :
Your ballots instructed the city to sell
The right to recruit for the armies of—well,
Mendicants, criminals, suicides—all
Who under the curse of the rum-traffic fall !
Alms-houses, prisons, and brothels are filled
Largely by what your bad voting has willed.

"I've got it! I've got it!" Ah, yes, so he has !
And thousands of others have got it, alas !
And millions of people are rushing, pell-mell,
To ruin through legalized pitfalls of—well,
Why don't we stop it? Why license base greed,
First to besot men, then on them to feed?
Criminal they who dare murder outright :
Fiendish the business that homes doth so blight !

Christian Endeavor*

"A Christian is the highest style of man."—*Young*.

WHAT is the Faith, the working Faith, the Faith
of Christian Endeavor?

That God is our Father and Christ his Son ;
The Church, though appearing divided, one ;
Diversity aiding what needs to be done :
The good from the evil to sever.
That churches are training-retreats for work ;
And none of their members may idly shirk ;
But battle with evils where'er they lurk ;
And yield to discouragement never !
This is the Faith, the living Faith, the Faith of Christian
Endeavor.

What is the Work, the daily Work, the Work of Chris-
tian Endeavor?

To follow the Master in word and deed ;
On lowlands and highlands to sow good seed ;
To succor the helpless, rebuke base greed ;
And stand for humanity ever.
To help on the time when the angels' song
Shall echo the hills and the vales along,
Proclaiming that righteousness rules, and wrong

*By permission of The B. F. Wood Music Co., Boston, Mass.

Shall triumph no longer forever.

This is the Work, the life-long Work, the Work of Christian Endeavor.

What is the Hope, the cheering Hope, the Hope of Christian Endeavor?

That work for the Master will speed the day
When nations and people, earth-wide, shall say :
“ Our Christ is the Truth, and the Life, the Way,”

And lift the whole world by that lever.

That under the reign of the Prince of Peace
All warring and rumors of war shall cease,
All wretchedness fostered by sin decrease,

And God's name be glorified ever.

This is the Hope, the world's great Hope, the Hope of Christian Endeavor.

What is the Crown, the laurel Crown, the Crown of Christian Endeavor?

The joy of attesting to Christ our love,
Which loving our neighbor alone can prove,
Till summoned to service in worlds above,
To reign with and work with Him ever.

The glorious welcome which they await,
Who, laden with sheaves from their Lord's estate,
Stand ready to enter, through Heaven's high gate,

The joy of their Master forever !

This is the Crown, the jeweled Crown, the Crown of Christian Endeavor.

Valleys Tmply Mountains

"I count life just the stuff
To try the soul's strength on."

—*Browning.*

AWAY, far away from the home of my heart ;
Compelled by the war with my lover to part ;
How lonely and sad I am feeling to-day,
No other can know, for I try to seem gay.

"I think of the time when surrounded by those
Who loved me and shared in my joys and my woes ;
And wonder if ever again there will come
The longed-for delights of true love and a home.

"Ah ! should my dear soldier lad never come back,
My life, so bereft, all of brightness would lack !
For how could I weather Earth's storm-clouds alone,
All hope quite extinguished, my courage all gone?

"But hark ! That quick step ! Why, it sounds like his
own !
My heart—O how big it has suddenly grown !
That voice ? It is his ! O kind Heaven, forget
My thankless distrust : there is joy for me yet !"



“Why, Ada, my darling,
while speeding the miles,
I dreamed of a face all en-
wreathed in sweet
smiles!

But lo! I now see it all
dewy with tears!

A shower of gladness, or
what it appears?”

“O James, could you know
how I’ve longed for the
day

When, safe from the war, you were with me to stay,
You’d well understand the pent feeling that flies
To greet its reliever with tear-streaming eyes.”

“My darling, I *do* know, and, knowing, I pray
That we do proceed, without further delay,
To vest our joint love in a home-building scheme,
And prove the sweet life of which both of us dream.”

TRUE self-control? What is it, Lord,
But self, attuned to sweet accord
With Nature’s law and Thy behest,
Pursuing what is noblest, best?

Humanity's Flag*

"Be humanity evermore our goal."—*Goethe*.

ALL hail to the nation, the glorious nation,
 That wars in defense of humanity's weal !
 That, free from the curse of unjust usurpation,
 Stands ready the wounds of her neighbor to heal !
 Whose brave sons of freemen, from field and from city,
 March quickly to rescue the weak from the strong ;
 To teach haughty tyrants the meaning of pity,
 And help them distinguish the right from the wrong.

REFRAIN

O star-lit "Old Glory,"
 Repeat thy proud story,
 Of nation that never hath battled in vain !
 How oft thy proud waving
 Hath signaled the saving
 Of downtrodden people from tyranny's chain !

Though bitter the wail that ascended to Heaven
 When demons incarnate exploded *The Maine*,
 It caused not the edict that Peace should be riven,
 Nor sounded the tocsin of war against Spain.
 Far nobler the plea that unfurled thee so proudly,
 O Flag 'neath whose folds it is glory to bleed !
 Lead on, and the world, though our guns thunder loudly
 Shall know that we fight nor for vengeance nor greed.

* Set to music.

And when fair Columbia's warring is over,
She'll value results by her givings, not gains :
For even her foes shall have come to discover
That justice empowers her arms and her brains.
All nations of Earth shall have learned, in like manner,
How strong are the FREE to unchain the ENSLAVED :
How freedom's best emblem, the Star Spangled Banner,
Hath ever for God and humanity waved !

Genius Superior to Infirmary

BEHOLD the man who, deaf to sound,
Enrhythms hearts the world around.
Enrapt within, his outer ear,
Through many an anguished silent year,
His mighty soul-throbs scorned to hear.
O courage noble ! Triumph grand !
Victorious o'er such woe to stand.
Eternal fame thy meed will be,
Nor quit in full man's debt to thee !

Georgie's Model Man

"Imitation forms our manners, our opinions, our very lives."

—Weiss.

WHEN I'm a boy of eight or ten,
You won't ketch me a-playin' men
By hangin' round the beer saloons
Afore I'm wearin' pantaloons.

Nor I won't hunt the streets, you bet,
To find a dirty cigarette,
And when I do, see how it smokes,
Gist so's to be like bigger folks.

No, sir! I won't be sich a fool!
I 'member teacher said at school
She wished us boys would try to be
Gist like the nicest men we see.

So I'll gist pick me out a man,
The very bestest one I can,
And then gist try, with all my might,
To imitate him, day and night.

And teacher said, "Don't git a taste
That causes crime and lots of waste.
That stomachs wasn't made to take
What doesn't brain and muscle make."



"I'll gist follow teacher's plan,
And Jesus make my model man "

You bet your life my model man
Won't be no bloated whisky can !
Nor he won't fill himself with beer,
Nor nothing else that makes men queer.

And he won't smoke that nasty stuff
That's called " tobacco "—not a puff !
He'll think of something else to do
'Sides scratchin' matches on his shoe.

And he won't swear. I'm awful 'fraid
When I hear naughty swear words said !
I feel as though I must not dare
To 'sociate with boys that swear.

My teacher said she thought my plan
To have a real nice model man,
Was gist a splendid thing to do,
And wished all boys would do so, too.

But then she said I'd have to mind
That perfect men were hard to find ;
But if I'd follow her advice,
My plan would work all right and nice.

She said the bestest man for me
Lived, when a boy, in Galilee :
That He was born on Christmas day,
And was gist perfect, ev'ry way.

She said that Jesus (that's His name)
Was sent by God, and He gist came
To be a "model man" for men,
And then went back to Heaven again.

And if I'd pray to Him, that He
Would make a real good man of me ;
So I'll gist follow teacher's plan,
And Jesus make my "model man."

And think how awful nice 'twould be
If boys would all agree with me !
What lots of good we boys could do :
We'd make the old folks gooder, too.

Come on, then, boys, and lets us see
What manly fellers we can be,
By doing all the good we can,
With Jesus for our "model man" !

A CHARMING young maiden has entered my life,
And I'm sure she has come there to stay ;
Her beauty of person and sweetness of soul
Bring her nearer and nearer each day.

Now please do not ask me to number the years
Intervening between hers and mine :
That does not concern you. Besides, don't you know
How young twig with old oak doth entwine?

The Sparrow Trial

“There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.”

—*Shakespeare.*

THE charges 'gainst Sparrow must be very grave,
To cause wise officials his slaughter to crave ;
So we, Sparrow's friends, have assembled to hear
What crimes he's committed to cause so much fear.

We will not defend him,
If real crimes are named,
But help you to end him,
If guilty as blamed.

If Sparrow is chattering words that are vile,
So boys may be tempted to ape his bad style,
And even grown men may, if Sparrow remain,
Contract the vile habit of language profane,

Then we will, most gladly,
Assist you to foil
Result which so sadly
Our men-folks would spoil.

If Sparrow's addicted to tipping the slops,
Oft purposely spilled near the alcohol shops
To lure, by their odor, those customers back,
Whose will to resist such temptation is slack,

He might as well vanish :
It recks not how soon,
Unless we can banish
Man's foe, the saloon.

If, having contracted the nicotine craze,
He saunters the streets with his bill all ablaze,
And vents on the sidewalks malodorous juice,
Till they are unfit for pedestrian use,
Then we will not hinder
Your purpose to slay,
But grind him to cinder,
Whenever you say.

If none of these habits against him are charged,
(On which you observe we have somewhat enlarged,)
Then since all these wrongs are allowed to exist,
What could Sparrow do that is worse, we insist?





“ Heart space these my jewels fill ”

My Woodbine Lodge Jewels

"Home should be an oratorio of the memory."—*Beecher*.

FEAST thou mine eyes on gems the rarest
Ever yet mined by land or sea ;
Gladden my soul with scenic beauty
Grandest and sweetest known to thee ;
Rend me the veil on sight celestial
Such as would soul of seraph thrill ;
Group these, nor dream with them to purchase
Heart-space which these my jewels fill.

Our Billy

“ 'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings.”—*Cowper*.

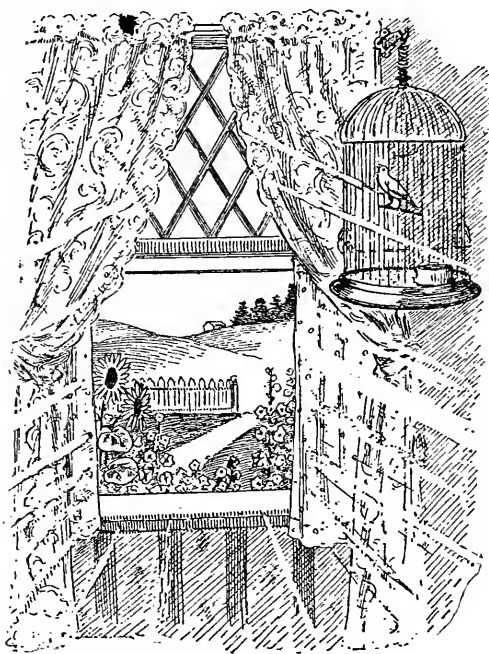
EVER cheerful, ever happy,
Eyes and plumage ever bright,
Tell me, Billy, what's thy secret?
Whence the source of thy delight?

Thou for home hath not a palace ;
Curbed thy freedom, doled thy bread ;
All thy days and nights are lonely ;
Bird-world all to thee is dead.

Yet I never see thee moping,
Grieving, scolding, or dismayed ;
Nervous, restless, fearing danger
Where no threat'ning is displayed.

Hast thou, in thy own pure bosom,
Spring of joy to feed thy lay ?
Wells a fount of bliss within thee,
Heaven replenished day by day ?

Ah ! I see ! Bright gleams of sunshine
Pierce thy window, gild thy breast !
Much they seem the golden pathway
Of descending angel guest.



"Tell me, Billy, what's thy secret?"


Quick responsive notes seraphic,
Swelling, trilling, fill the air !
Telling me, in plainest bird-phrase,
Of a realm where all is fair :

Where no clouds o'erhang the spirit ;
Where who live must live to praise ;
Heaven's glorious sunlight shining
Brightly on through endless days.

Their Tin Wedding

1891-1901

Dear Jessie and Carl, to keep love within,
Are planning to cover their house with tin.

 CAN you realize, Jessie, the years that have sped,
A whole decade of years, since the day we were
wed? ”

“ Joyously sped, we may truly say,
Ever more sweetly, Carl, day by day.”

“ Rightly spoken, my darling, for we have this proof :
Love so gladly seeks shelter beneath our home roof.”

“ Say! that suggests : Is there not some way—
Surely there must be—to make love stay? ”

“ Ever at it, dear Jessie ! Why, yes : Lure him in,
Then we'll shingle our cottage all over with tin ! ”

“ Isn't that splendid ! Let's do it, dear,
Ending the trick May sixteenth, this year ! ”

“ O how jolly ! And doubtless he'll be here, that day,
Nor at all disappointed if compelled to stay ! ”

A Weary Housewife

"I am weary and overwrought."—*Longfellow.*



WOULD I could live where there's nothing to do :
No call for such toiling my whole life clear
through !

No cooking to manage ; no dishes to wash ;
No children to see to and all such like bosh !



No sweeping, no dusting, no mak-
ing of beds ;
No mending of garments all worn
into shreds ;
No darning old stockings ; no
knitting of new ;
Such work is just horrid, the
catalogue through !

I'd banish all washing and ironing
days :

Their suds-reeking air and their
steam-choking haze ;

With scrubbing, and churning, and

"No sweeping, no dusting" baking of bread,

I never was tortured before I was wed.

It can't be my duty, I'm sure it is not,
Contentment to feel with so hateful a lot !
With face that is comely, and hands that are white,
To shine in " society "—that is my right.

Instead of this drudging my time should be free
Just to " dress," and " go out," to " be seen," and " to
see."

To play the piano, late novels to read :
Ah ! *that* is the life for a lady to lead !


Poor fool that I was when I married for love ;
Prized husband and home other pleasures above ;
I *now* know that wealth must accompany these,
If ladies who marry would live at their ease.

Next time when I marry—it may come some day,
When this good old husband gets out of the way—
I'll know there is money enough and to spare,
To save me this horrible house-keeping care !

Rum Conquered by Love*

"He is the greatest conqueror who has conquered himself."—*Proverb.*

WIFE

EAR husband, our children are crying for bread ;
Their clothes are all tattered and torn ;
'Twere better if they and their mother were dead
I would they had never been born ! "

CHILDREN

" O father, give up the saloon !
O say you will go there no more !
And then we'll have bread,
Be clothed and well fed,
And happy again as before :
O yes, we'll be happy so soon ! "

WIFE

" O husband, resist not that piteous cry :
The cry of the children we love !
I'm sure you can banish the cup if you try,
With help from our Father above."

* Set to music.

CHILDREN

“ O father, decide right away !
O say you will quit the saloon !
Then mamma and we,
Who love you, will be
So glad and so happy, real soon :
O yes ! we'll be happy to-day ! ”

HUSBAND

“ O wife of my bosom ! O children so dear !
Your prayers and your tears do prevail ;
I never again in saloon will appear ;
This pledge I am bound shall not fail. ”

ALL

“ We now can defy the saloon.
We'll be its sad victims no more.
For what we there spent
We'll save to a cent,
And soon will have plenty in store :
O yes ! we'll be happy so soon ! ”

Flirting on the Stairs*

"His very foot has music in it,
As he comes up the stair."

—Mickle.

I'VE the dearest little sweetheart,
She is full of winsome airs ;
But she's never half so charming
As when flirting on the stairs.
And her mamma never cares,
When she finds us unawares,
In the midst of our flirtation on the stairs.

REFRAIN

No, her parents never care,
When they spy us on the stair,
But, with a nod and wink, say: "See yonder pair!"

I'm no sooner in the hall-way
Then my pet to it repairs,
And insists upon our having
A flirtation on the stairs.
And her mamma never cares,
Our enjoyment even shares,
When detecting our flirtation on the stairs.

* Set to music.

Yes, my love is very
youthful,

In my locks are silver
hairs ;

But they make us young
together,

These flirtations on the
stairs.

And her mamma never
cares,

Never frowningly de-
clares

I'm too old to flirt with
Mary on the stairs.

Time will hide me from
my sweetheart,

Ere she knows a wom-
an's cares ;

But I'm sure she will re-
member



" My love is very youthful "

Our flirtations on the stairs.

When her mamma's years and cares

Thread her locks with silver hairs,

She'll look back and see her darling on the stairs.

Finding a Friend

"A generous friendship no cold medium knows."—*Pope's "Iliad."*

A MAIDEN stepped into a car one day,
Smiling as bright as a morn in May :
© Into seat vacant beside my own
Gracefully, cheerfully, sat she down :
(Ever is better a smile than frown).
That maiden that moment became my friend,
Always to be so till life shall end.
Sever we may, yet each will aye feel
The other remembers, with friendship real.
Rarest of blessings is friend-love true :
Priceless the service it renders, too.
I deem it always a Heaven-sent prize :
Ever good angel in Earthly guise.
Time doth reveal to me, more and more,
As onward I press toward the golden shore :
Aye, Drummond hath said it, that love divine—
Loving another's weal more than "mine"—
Outvalues all else in the now and here,
And reaches its climax in Heaven's high sphere.

My Ideal Beauty

"What is this thought or thing
Which I call beauty?"

—Mrs. Browning.

DO you ask me to paint you my darling,
My ideal beauty, my love?
Little think you the task you have set me
So looms my poor art-skill above.



You have thought her a girl of the
million :

A commonplace, unthinking
lass ;

One devoting much time just to
primping,
And posing in front of her
glass.

You have never conceived of her
being

Possessed of a beauty that glows
Independent of costly cosmetics ;

Regardless of shallow-pate
beaux.

"Posing in front of her glass"

You'll expect me to paint you her wardrobe ;
The style of her coiffure portray ;
To exhibit her *recherché* posings ;
To all which I've only to say :

I've not counted nor measured her mirrors ;
Cosmetics are never in sight ;
As for "posing," she leaves that to Nature,
To whom it belongs, as of right.

In a word, all her beauties and graces
Of form, as of mind and of heart,
From within shine without : So my darling
Is product of Nature—not Art.

"A FRIEND in need is a friend indeed,"
Is a saying old and true ;
And I, indeed, am the chap in need,
And the friend, I think, is you.

Reunited

"Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."—*Moore*.



WEEP not, my children,
For well do I know
I cannot be happy,
And tarry below.
Just think how your father
Is longing to share
With me the sweet home
He went on to prepare !

" So long and so sweetly
We lived here as one,
How can we be happy
And each live alone ?
Although separation
Has been very brief,
My heart is so burdened
It must have relief.

" So, weep not, my children,
But cheerfully say
That love, and not evil,
Hath lured her away.

Refrain from repining,
And wishing me back,
Assured that my gaining
Is more than your lack.

“ Let this be your comfort :
That mother has gone
To be with her husband,
So lately passed on.
That they, reunited,
In sweet home above,
Will both be so happy
In each other's love ! ”

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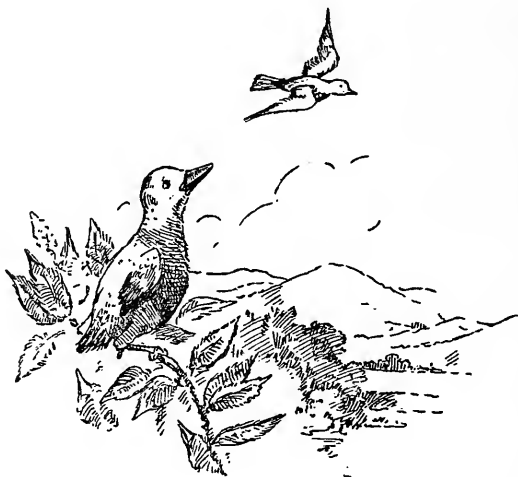
O wonderful lesson !
O glorious truth !
That love is immortal :
Ne'er loseth its youth !
Lives on, undiminished,
Through life, beyond death :
Eternally wearing
An unfading wreath !

Burdens May Become Wings

" 'Tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear."

—*Shakespeare.*

LACK-A-DAY! Lack-a-day!" was the pitiful song
Of a dear little birdling which, all the day long,
Sat alone on the bush where it first saw the light,
And bemoaned what to it seemed a very bad plight!



"Sat alone on the bush"

For, away in the sky and on many a tree,
Was abundance of evidence, birdie could see,
That a rightly made bird was intended to fly,
Just as far as it pleased, in the great vaulted sky.

“I am *not* rightly made,” thought the bird, “I’ve no
wings :

On my back, in their stead, are two featherless things.
Which I think were just put there to burden me down :
There can be no *good* reason why they should have
grown.”

But the days came and went, and our birdie grew strong ;
And the “ featherless things ” feathered out, before long ;
And the poor thing that *knew* it was never to fly
Just forgot all about it, and one day did try !

And it never stopped trying, and trying built strength,
And strength begat courage, and courage, at length,
Thrilled its breast with a longing no bird could deny,
And it rose in the air, soaring far up the sky !

My Spirit Valentine

"I have friends in Spirit Land."—*Whittier*.

THERE'S a beautiful Indian spirit ;
She is petite of form, and fair ;
She has jet black eyes, they tell me,
And a wealth of raven hair.

In costume ornate and becoming,
In person exquisitely neat,
In all things attractive in girlhood,
This maiden is charmingly sweet.

And now I will tell you a secret
Concerning this maiden and me :
A secret to keep—now remember !—
Until the next neighbor you see.

This Indian spirit, so charming,
Confesses affection for me.
And I? Why, I love her so dearly
I'm longing her sweet face to see!

"To see! And have you not seen her?"
No wonder you ask in surprise ;
Ah! no! I sadly must answer :
My sweetheart is veiled to *my* eyes.

She visits me often, they tell me :
Is much of the time by my side,
So lovingly, some who have seen her
Have thought she was truly my bride !

She has promised to sunder the curtain
That hides her away from my sight,
And, sometime, O yes, I am certain,
I'll see her with joyous delight.

At least there's a day in the future
When, a-weary of sub-lunar strife,
The veil now dividing between us
Will include me on her side of life.

Till then her invisible presence
Means a blessing to me and to mine,
And so I rejoice to confess her
My angel, my sweet valentine.

The Dauntless Crew of the Merrimac*

HARK! you men : I have planned a scheme
That calls for a dauntless crew :
None should go with the faintest dream
Of living the venture through.
But you'll be called, though you come not back,
' The Dauntless Crew of the Merrimac.' "

REFRAIN

O brave-hearted Hobson ! O Merrimac crew !
The richest of laurels are waiting for you,
While faithfully serving America's need,
The world has been watching and honors your deed.
" Who will go, and be known to fame
As ready to face grim death ?
Who refuse, and withhold his name
From praise and the laurel wreath ? "
Then Hobson learned that he would not lack
A dauntless crew for the Merrimac.
Hundreds offered and felt regret
The service could use so few :
Deigman, Phillips and George Charette,
Klausen, Kelly, Montague,
And Murphy—names to insure from wrack
" The Dauntless Crew of the Merrimac."

* Set to music.

A Noble Calling

“ Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.”

—Pope.

YE men of the plow, let me sing of your worth,
Of how through all time since this world had its
birth,

Since earth yielded fruitage and clouds dropped down rain,
Since men learned to labor and seek after gain,
All best gifts of Nature and guerdon of toil
Have chiefly depended on fruits of the soil.
The seeds that are hopefully scattered to-day,
Enticed from the glebe by the sun's coaxing ray,
To-morrow come forth as humanity's food,
Enriching the people with limitless good.
Just think, if you can, how disastrous the change
That quickly would follow the loss of the grange!
All social, domestic, and national health,
Rank poverty's millions and people of wealth,
All losing the staff and the anchor of life,
Would be overthrown in the world-wrecking strife!
Ubiquitous power! Thy sway is so grand,
Great glory it sheds o'er the tiller of land!
Among the world's workers there surely should be
No toiler more hopeful, more happy, than he.

Happiness in Small Quarters

“There is no place like home.”—*Howard.*

A HUNDRED years or more ago—
How many years I do not know—
One of the strangest things occurred
That ever mortal saw or heard !
But now please do not doubt the tale,
Nor think of it as old and stale :
Destroy not childhood's pleasing lore,
Its nurses taught in rhymes of yore.
Explain its moral, if you can :
It's there, for mother, child, and man.

There was a widow, brave though old,
Whose wealth was great, but not in gold :
By love enriched, for children ten—
Frolicsome girls and mimic men—
Relied on her for daily bread :
They all by her were clothed and fed.
And listen now, for I must tell
In what queer house they all did dwell :
The whole ten and their mother, too,
Were safely housed in ONE OLD SHOE !

Brotherhood of St. Andrew

"A mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one."—*Goethe*.

SIGNIFICANT, practical, glorious name !
How quickly, decisively risen to fame !
Name tersely defining the Christ life for all
Who fain would respond to the dear Master's call.

As soon as St. Andrew the Saviour had seen,
No selfish distrust did he let intervene,
But quickly brought Simon to Jesus, and then
Proceeded as promptly to bring other men.

And never stopped bringing—indeed, never can,
So long as exists a degenerate man ;
For Andrew will always real Christians enthuse
To follow his method—his love-force to use.

To-day, as we measure the Brotherhood field,
Take note of its sowing, its growth, and its yield,
We see and rejoice in the glorious truth,
That Brotherhood garners great harvests of youth.

Take courage, then, Brothers : ye toil not in vain ;
Your service will bring to yourselves priceless gain ;
And doubt not the Master will help you to win
Young men, more and more, from the by-paths of sin.

A Reliable Cosmetic

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."


—*Sidney.*

YOUNG lady, the truly reliable way
To aid Nature's effort to have Beauty stay,
And daily increase, more and more,
Is aye to think beautiful, soul-thrilling thought :
The kind happy angels to sheep-tenders brought,
By tidings from Heaven they bore.

Think beautiful thoughts, and your eyes will grow bright,
Your features express their full share of delight,
Complexion, too, changing its hue.
Each feature, each gesture, will quickly respond
In ways and degrees your best hope quite beyond.
Please try it ! I would, were I you.

Postman at the Door

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."—*Pope*.

AMMA! mamma! Come quick, mamma!
Here's the postman at the door!"

Shouted Lillie, for that tinkle
Meant for her a letter, sure!

For did not her charming classmate
Say she'd write this very day?
Would not letter come this evening?
"O it must! it must!" she'll say.

Well, and did the darling get it?
Hopes like Lillie's often fail;
But we must not blame the postman
For delayed expected mail.

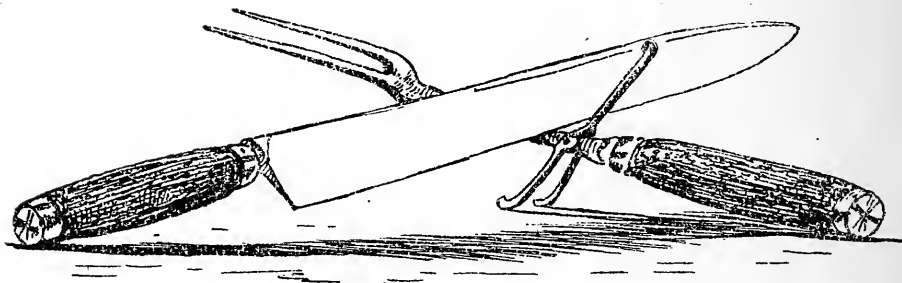
'Tis his duty, and his pleasure,
To rejoice us with good news;
But alas! as much his duty
Mail to bring we'd fain refuse.

If he knew the news he carries,
Whether cheering or adverse,
He must faithful be to duty,
And he is, you bet your purse!

No more faithful band of toilers
Than these carriers of the mail
Walk the streets of any city :
Serving all, on hill, in dale.

Be the weather fair or dismal,
Be the carrier ill or well,
If he has for you a message,
He on time will ring your bell.

A Wedding Present



THE knife for her, to cut the cord
That binds to each old lover.
The fork for him, for, ere long wed,
He'll hear request : " Fork over ! "

A Student's Farewell

"To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart."

—Coleridge.

SCHOOLMATES dear, I now must leave you,
Leave the scene I love so well,
Though 'tis hard to sever from you,
Hard to breathe the last farewell.

Long have ties of friendship bound us,
Ties which none but students know ;
Long have pleasures flowed around us,
Pleasures sweetest here below.

Now as students we must sever,
Ne'er as such to meet again,
But, as friends, O may we ever
In each other's hearts remain !

Much loved classmates, can I leave you?
Long have we been constant friends ;
I am sure the thought doth grieve you
All, that here our school life ends.

Side by side we've strolled together
O'er the meads of classic lore,
Conning Homer, Virgil, Cæsar,
Each a mine of richest store.

Fare you well ! and may you never
Cease to rise in virtue's scale ;
" Onward " be your watchword ever :
Truth and virtue will prevail.

Farewell, teacher : may you never
Those forget who leave you now ;
Bear us in your prayers, as ever,
When before the Throne you bow.

Farewell all ! Our band is riven ;
Ne'er shall we all meet again,
Till, perchance, we meet in Heaven :
Goal, I hope, we'll all attain.

Beauty to Beauty

"O my love's like a red, red rose."—*Burns*.



MAIDEN so fair, we are glad we may,
Through friend to us and friend to you,
Commingle our beauty with yours, to-day,
And tell our story, dream or true :

My sister and I—we are twins, you know—
Lay tucked snug in our cradle green,
And wondered if we two would ever grow
To be as big as rose we'd seen.

One morning old Sol, smiling bright and warm,
Turned back our quilt, a bit, to peep :
We peeped some at him, too, nor thought it harm,
But since we have not cared to sleep.

We lay there and looked, and our eyes grew bright,
Our color deepened, petals grew,
And, being real happy, we laughed outright,
And then—why, then we came to you !

He saw us, your friend ; came near us and said :
" I want two roses on one stem ;

Must beauties be, big, and their color red ;
She that will wear them is a gem ! ”

He chuckled on seeing our cheeks so red,
Our eyes so bright and smile so gay :
“ These twins will just suit her all right ! ” he said,
And so we have come to you to-day.

O BEAUTY, pray tell me the mission
That brought thee to dwell upon earth ?
Who was it that gave thee permission ?
And where was the place of thy birth ?

Safe in Port

"The port well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

—Emerson.

HARK the news! La Gascoigne, they say,
Is rounding to in New York bay!
Ring loud the bells! The whistles blow!
The flags unfurl! our joy to show!
The grand old ship with all on board
Will soon be in the harbor moored!"

What fearful days of doubt and dread
Enclouded hearts, wild terror spread!
How pleaded eyes and pallid lip
For hopeful words about the ship!
But these instead: "So long o'erdue,
She's lost, with passengers and crew!"

To-day all doubt and dread have flown,
And heavy hearts have lightsome grown.
The eyes that wept with fear and grief,
To-day shed tears of sweet relief.
"Sweet sympathy," with reckless haste,
Embraces all, ignoring caste.

As fades this fearful, joyful scene,
A greater comes upon the screen.
A grander than Atlantic's wave
Rolls into view with aspect grave.
To nobler port than New York bay
A fleet of ships is on the way.

The sea of life spreads far and wide,
And countless barques its billows ride,
Each bearing freight consigned to God,
And pressing on toward His abode.
The barque, though priceless, we appraise
For what it does, and what conveys.

If eye and ear could well explore
The watching throngs on yonder shore,
We voyagers would better know
The perils we are passing through :
At ev'ry battling wave defied,
Would hear a shout of joy and pride.

And when at last, the voyage done,
All perils ended, harbor won,
What sweet delight awaits the soul !
What joyous welcome at the goal !
The barque now sinks beneath the wave :
Its freight is back with God who gave.



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